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Canadian Nationality
The Cry of Labor
and Other Essays

BY
W. FRANK HATHEWAY
St. John, N.B.
Canada

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INTRODUCTION.

I OFFER this volume of Essays, and ask the makers of wealth, viz., that large proportion of Canada's population which works in field, forest, factory, mines, fisheries and on transportation lines, to realize that upon their intelligence and their educated skill depends Canada's future prosperity. In order to have such educated skill the people should urge upon the Government the need of well-equipped technical schools to enable our mechanics and farmers to compete in Great Britain against the skilled workers of the United States and Germany. I also ask that other influential but small class, the professions, the officials, and also the traders, to bear in mind that they are non-producers and only exist as the outcome of that wealth created by the workers. Therefore, it is in the interest of the whole people that all these workers be well paid for their labor. The pleasure I have had in writing these Essays

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has been increased by the hope that they might tend to develop a high national character, so that the word "Canadian" will mean an educated intelligence that sees both the beautiful and the useful in Nature, that has an abiding faith in the Creator and a deep love and reverence for the land in which we live.

The various Germanic principalities and kingdoms along the Rhine and Elbe were an easy prey to Napoleon's ambition until the Tugenbund, with a deep religious enthusiasm and a patriotic love for Prussia and Queen Louisa, stirred those fires which finally evolved the statesmen of 1866 and united all Germany in 1870. Likewise, the centrifugal fractions of sunny Italy, midst murder, rapine and jealousy, were at last controlled and brought to a common centre by the religious zeal of Mazzini, the patriotism of Garibaldi and the sagacity of Cavour. Religion, simply a love for and trust in the Creator,—patriotism, an appreciation of our natural surroundings and a reverence for our citizenship,—these two are to make Canadian nationality. My aim is to sound these dominant tones and thus to make Canadians

feel the responsibility of their citizenship. We must no longer speak of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario and Manitoba. It is not Upper and Lower Canada. We are one country, Canada. We are one nationality, Canadian. It is this pride of nationality we must cultivate, so that all race and creed differences will gradually disappear as we flower into that splendid Canadian character to which I feel this country is steadily tending.

In conclusion, let me say that if any reader be stimulated by these Essays to a higher conception of citizenship, the merit is to be ascribed largely to the influence of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in whose thought I find the broadest humanity, the greatest reverence and the deepest sympathy.

W. Frank Hatheway.

St. John, N.B., May, 1906.

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Canadian Nationality

"Show me the man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself."—*Southey.*

"We have then found out other things for our guardians against which they must by all means watch. Of what sort are these? Riches, said I, and Poverty—the one engendering luxury, idleness, and a love of innovation; the other, illiberality and mischief, as well as a love of innovation."—*Plato.*

CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

It is easy to say, but difficult to prove, that the roots of language go back to the first Aryans who flooded western Europe. We wonder why the Saxon says "leg," the Teuton "bein," the Gaul "jambe," and the Italian "gamba." These four nations were dominated by the Roman, and yet we have the German "trinken," the English "drink," Italian "bevere," and the French "boire." We see in this which follows more closely the Roman "bibere." Look at Verdun on the map, and you see where was fought the battle between Louis le Debonnaire and his rebellious sons. Louis was forced to divide the empire of his father, Charlemagne, into three States. Lothair's portion became Germany, Charles's became France, and Louis' share gradually became Italy. What was in the character of these peoples that evolved "heim" and "home" in German and English, and left the French with only

the word "foyer" (hearth) as an equivalent to our word "home"?

The human body seizes its food in all directions, assimilates it, and still retains its human form. We may modify our passions by a vegetable or meat diet, yet we are not cattle, or fish, or grain. The human mind, likewise, with a marvellous avidity, lays hold of all thought, French, German, Moorish, Latin, Greek. Each nation, however, has its characteristics. The English and German show this more strongly than the French and Italian. The Teuton and Saxon still exist, and we can trace their character of fifteen hundred years ago in their language of to-day. The Gaul and Roman have passed away. We look in vain for a Marcus Aurelius among the voluble, gay, graceful Italians, and the wisdom of Charlemagne is not found in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. And we in Canada must not, and cannot form our literature and art on the lines of English thought. We are of the same Saxon stock that resisted the conquering influences of Cæsar and William the First. As we assimilated the Roman and Gaul, still retaining our Saxon birth, so will

Canadian nationality assimilate under happier conditions all European thought, using it wisely to smooth and develop the rugged Canadian character, born of mountains and rivers, and the stringent need to labor.

Let us fear to become a nation where the vast wealth of a few individuals will develop that extreme luxury which is now the disgrace of the United States. It was the opulence of Rome that made her an easy prey for the Goths in 479. The luxury of the Persians made Salamis and Marathon possible. The golden armor of the Persian guard did not keep back the victorious Greeks, who in their turn succumbed to the pernicious influences of Eastern luxury. It is labor that creates a nation, lays the foundation of every art, of all trades and professions. Character is not primarily formed by what people read, but rather by what they see, feel, and have to do. The struggle for existence on the Banks of Newfoundland, in the pine woods of the Ottawa, on the slopes of the St. Lawrence, along the foothills of the Rockies, and in the fertile plain of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan teaches and informs.

In the Bay of Fundy we haul in the net full of shining gaspereaux, green, gold and pink, and returning in our boat see the mysterious tide creep slowly up to its full twenty-six feet. The trim fishing-schooner on the Banks surges at the end of three hundred fathoms of hawser, and from the deck we watch huge seas roll harmlessly by, finally to thunder on the precipices of Newfoundland. The axe glints and down totters the pine or yellow birch that had spread its branching arms over spruce and fir, and we stand a moment in awe as it crashes to earth. The April rains come, the snow over which we had tramped on snowshoes fills the brooks. The river rises; we fasten the joints of logs together and down the river we float, carrying the raw product from which are made stately ships and roomy houses—all the outcome of glittering axe, trained eye and enduring muscle.

Our turf hut lies on the banks of the Assiniboine, and we see the dancing, spitting fire that runs over the prairie in April clearing away last year's grass. It hisses and leaps as it runs along the edge of a slough where it is reflected in the shallow

water. The striped gophers scuttle back to their earth-homes as the flame sweeps by, and the low hills of Brandon look black against the starry night. How bright are these same stars down to the very horizon, and the line of leaping fire plays with them as if to climb to high heaven! We turned the sod last fall and now we harrow and scatter the hard grains of wheat. The steam of the winter's frost rises from the rich black earth and does its work. In August we see miles of grain ready for the harvester at Virden, Manitoba—next, in the elevators at Fort William, or at St. John, and next it becomes bread on the table at Paris or London. At Port Arthur we see Thunder Cape, the headland of Thunder Bay, while eastward stretch the waters of Lake Superior three hundred miles, then the new Canadian canal, and again four hundred miles more of lakes to Collingwood, Georgian Bay. Thirty years ago, no commerce, no steamers, no railways; to-day, two transcontinental railways, with their immense elevators and works at Fort William and magnificent steamers on the water-stretches.

Forests, farms, lakes, seas and rivers! We see them, and on the days when labor rests and the mind turns inward, we feel them. These influences are making Canadian nationality. Again, I say, let us fear to become a nation where a few control most of the wealth, for does not that mean the many poor? That would be following in the footsteps of Persia and Rome. Even now in the United States it is being recognized that great wealth in the hands of a few is truly the "root of all evil." Nature, bountiful Nature, has given us beautiful gifts, and the people accept these freely and are becoming truly Canadian. We think less of the societies that vainly try to keep up the old associations of Ireland, Scotland, and England. We have made a long stride since 1875. We have ethics that are not moulded by Paris or Vienna. We have really made a good start in literature, and the beginnings of art are seen.

We have two great political parties upon whom lies the burden of helping the nation to a higher, broader, deeper nationality. The leaders should be "men of character" who will be the "conscience of society."

Let them look to it that they work direct towards only one goal, the better condition of the many, and not the enrichment of the few. These leaders must represent their profound convictions first, and not the whim of the electoral district. A policy that gives to the few, great wealth from mines, lumber, coal, oil, railways, or tobacco, will not live, shall not live, in this country.

The army of workers must not just escape starvation to see a few staff-officers buying titles with wealth accumulated from the protection afforded by an unwise tariff. Monarchy, with its appendage of state church, could not flourish in the deep soil of this northern continent; then why should we not respect that freedom and eschew all titles that tend to define lines? Are we to have more barons, knights, and lords, so that the feudal times will be mirrored? The beautiful idea of Canadian nationality loses in dignity when some politician gets dubbed "Sir" because he visited Washington a few weeks in an effort to arrange a reciprocity treaty. Can we not be content with "honorable," as is customary in the United States,

and do without projecting the old-world feudality into our new-world democracy? The nation must have men of character as representatives—men who are profoundly stirred by love of their home and country, who carry with them a deep sense of their nationality based upon the richness of Canadian natural resources and the morals of Canadian people. These leaders must recognize the trust imposed on them to lift Canadian nationality above the possibilities of a 1793 revolution. They must make it possible for every Canadian by dint of ordinary labor to enjoy all the necessaries and some of the comforts of this decade, and make it impossible for a few capitalists to absorb the larger portion of labor's production.

We wait to hear of the higher action, the noble, God-like action taught by the Buddhas and the Christs of all nations, when we will have such love for each other that governments will reflect that love in laws by which the honest and willing may always have work without drudgery. Thus will we realize the highest, and in Canada shall be formed a nationality which has righteous-

ness and love woven into its constitution and government.

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Our mixed nationality has no sins, thank God, to answer for, like those of the Inquisition in Spain, or the Bourbon wickedness in France, or the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dominations in Germany and Austria, or the enslavement of Italy, broken at last by Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. We have not those sins to atone, neither have we the splendid memory of such men as Cavour and Bismarck; such women as Louisa of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria; nor Danton and those others, whom the Sage of Chelsea strikes into bold relief as they pass to execution. We have none of all this to stimulate us to noble thought. True, England, Scotland, and Ireland have all these, both the glory and the dishonor, the failures and the successes. But we are not Irish, Scotch, and English. We wear no rose, thistle or shamrock. We must bury them deep, roots uppermost, and on the strength from their decay will grow the mayflower, the twinflower or the goldenrod.

Are we puny, sickly infants that we stretch blue-tipped fingers across the Atlantic? Never is a parent prouder than when his boy or girl says, "I can do that myself now." Why should we wait to see what Britain thinks? Let us do what we know is right, and Britain will uphold and admire. Canadians should be firm over their rights, yet that firmness must be accompanied with such respect as befits a gentleman, and Canada should be a nation of gentlemen. We must not let go our grip of the words "lady" and "gentleman." They were the signs royal in such as Sidney and Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey and Margaret More. Where should we look to see these words embodied? In our judges? Are they wise in thought, temperate in action, polite in manner, impartial in judgment? In our Ottawa or Fredericton parliaments do our legislators stand out as samples of honorable Canadian gentlemen? Let us demand of every judge, whether his position be given him in payment of political service or for his marked judicial mind, that he be a Canadian gentleman and not a cringing partisan. Let us demand of every representative that Cana-

dians are to be men of honor and that no party is higher than principle, and that politeness must be one of the jewels in Canadian character. We turn to that great engine, the Press, to learn the lesson of national honor, courage and chivalry. We read there about the athletes in the political world, Sir Louis, Sir Charles, Sir Wilfrid and Sir John. We feel that perhaps the athletes in another arena will soon demand similar titles. If long press reports be an index of popularity, then the pugilist will soon kneel and rise "Sir Knight." Canadian journals devote columns to the details of a ring contest. Frechette, Campbell, Hannay and Roberts would almost get down on their knees if the press would forego the editorial in order to give space to their histories or poems. What a fine educator of Canadian nationality is the journalism that sacrifices Europe and the East for the record of a glove contest! How Swift would have bubbled over at the picture of the Canadian reader reverently wading through the various rounds as detailed in the press! What will the New Zealander say if he happens to read a Canadian paper of 1899 or 1900 taken out of the

corner-stone of a new public library building? How excellently well it will compare with some of the scenes in Pompeii in A.D. 50 to 70! How badly all this affects the self-respect of a people is not well known until too late. Can it be that the press has an "itching palm," hastening to write these reports that pander to some of the lowest instincts? It is a poor plea to say that the public demands it. Are the garments of Nessus sold to those who ask? Can one sell poison because a depraved mind calls for it? We have so many sports that build up the body and help to make a sound mind therein that we cannot afford to have man-fighting. What better than foot races, swimming races, running races, weight throwing, and all the others that carry with them respect for the combatants? Are there no lists other than the gloves? The judges, the legislators and the press reply, saying: "We are no higher than the people. The judgments we give, the laws we enact and the editorials we write are what the people make them." This answer is wrong; the judge must be the best type, else he is not fit to judge; the representative must lead and try to get the

people to aim at his higher level, else he is no statesman; and the press should be more like Moses and the prophets, less like Baal and his priests.

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In all our talk about trade expansion, imperialism, and reciprocity with the whittling Yankee, we forget our new nationality. So many are born Scotch, or Irish, or French, or English, that only a few remember that we are Canadians. Are we still in the backwoods that we grow careless of our nationality? Why all this praise of the rose, the shamrock, the thistle, and the fleur-de-lis? Is there no mayflower, goldenrod, linnæa, prairie crocus, or eglantine to be chosen as the national flower? Are we wanting in history either?

The heights of Badajoz are not steeper than those of Quebec. LaSalle, alone, down the swift waters of the Mississippi, was more adventurous than De Soto. Lady La Tour at St. John was not excelled by the Maid of Zaragoza. The expulsion of the Acadians finds its parallel in the Spanish Kingdom, when the Moors were driven across the

Mediterranean in the sixteenth century; and in France in the seventeenth century, when the dragonades of the Bourbons drove the Huguenots from the fields and looms. We wander to Malaga and Granada, read Irving and conjure up Boabdils and Aladdins and forget, or perhaps never even visit, the Canadian scenes of Jesuitic forbearance and martyrdom, of French and English supremacy, in our own country. That day on the Assiniboine, when the whirls of the Grand Rapids nearly upset our little craft; the dancing spray of Kakabeka Falls, on the Kaministiquia River near Thunder Bay; the first look at the Manitoba prairie in May, when the crocus was carpeting the earth, when the numerous gophers hurried away at our sudden approach and hid themselves in the rich, black earth, still steaming from the frost that lay three feet below the surface—time magnifies it all, or was it really more wonderful than we realized?

It is the feeling of ownership, or part title to the mountain, the river, the prairie, the wood, that helps beget the feeling of nationality. Wherever Nature heaps into masses, rolls down great rivers between impending

banks, clothes the mountains with solemn-columned aisles of beech, maple, and pine, and lifts high into the clouds lonely crags, on which the snows rest a while to descend in torrents in the spring, there, in that land, is found great love of home and country. The countless people of Egypt had but to cast the seed on the waters and the rich soil gave them the harvest. A people of the great plains, they proved almost willing slaves to Greek and Roman, Saracen and British. After twenty centuries of national existence, Egypt gave us most ungraceful outlines of the human form, gods with animal heads, high temples of stone, wonderful for their vast size, but positively ugly in their shape. In abject fear, Egypt worshipped the bull, the cat, the ibis, the crocodile. The enormous work done on canals, temples, and mammoth statues is a reflection on the race, as it shows the Egyptians to have been slaves who gave up their lives to build mummy houses for tyrannical rulers. The bath and the palace were for their ever-changing tyrants; the heat and the wall with its straw covering, for themselves.

In less than twelve hundred years after the

rude Pelasgians set up the great wall, just near the Parthenon at Athens, the Greek nation had overtaken the Egyptian in literature and art. The influence of Nature in her royal forms stamped itself upon the Grecian mind and bore such fruit that to-day ancient Greece and her people provide us with models for our sculptors, patriotism for our heroes, and poems for our artists. The sea, the shore, the mountain and the valley, from which the Greeks derived their support, became familiar to them. Gently and steadily, Nature and the man got nearer. He listened to the sea and the forest and over him came the feeling of awe as he studied Nature's strange ways. Finally, he learned to understand them, and then the awe gave place to love—love of hills, of crags, of the sea, of the woods, of his home, of his country.

Never should a Canadian sigh for the waves of the Mediterranean, the valleys of Andalusia or the water-soaked stretches of the Nile Delta. If he live in the tropics for two or three years, he will soon lose that energy and skill which are the traits of Canadian character, and often he will sigh for the whir of the partridge, the leap of the

speckled trout, the flutter of the startled duck or the wild break of the salmon. Canadians have all that the Greeks had and all that the Basques loved. In fact, Canada begins her life far in advance of most nations. We have no blot of slavery upon our standard, and it is not many years since the negro fugitive looked across to us as truly the "land of the free." Religion is absolutely free. If we are followers of those intrepid Jesuits who toiled here in the seventeenth century, we can do them homage, or if we admire the boldness of Luther and Huss, in denouncing the evils of their period, we can give them praise.

When we think of home, there are two names, father, mother, and these stand next to Deity, for in our childhood they were next to God. Even now, grown to man's stature, when we know that they were only human beings, trying to guide us rightly, still we look back to the home-love and home-life of those child-days. Canadians must never lose this home-love. Our rivers, valleys, mountains and lakes are too grand and beautiful to be forgotten. Our cities are built on such commanding sites that ever

will the Canadian revert with love to St. John, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax. Truly has Nature done much to make Canada the home of a reverent, free, patriotic people. Let Canadians, then, be true to that nature and seek in its bosom the heart-strings on which to tune their songs, the colors from which to paint their pictures, and the life from which to weave their stories.

Civilization and Character

"He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"Nevertheless, in a commonwealth which retains any sentiments of virtue, he who has the lead should not give place for a moment to persons of no principle; he should entrust no charge with those who want capacity, nor place any confidence in those who want honor."—*Plutarch.*

CIVILIZATION AND CHARACTER.

Is OUR progress to be measured by how polite or civil we are? If so, would not the Arab sheiks or the Japanese rank first, the Canadian and the United States citizen away in the rear? Are our rough corners getting rounded, or do we still in egotistical ignorance hold on to our provincialism? It would be a pity for a free-born Canadian to scrape and bow like a Parisian, chatter like a voluble Neapolitan, or emulate the whittling Yankee and litter the public step with pine shavings. Yet many Canadians leave out the "g's," and it is very common to hear "git," and almost everyone pronounces "can" and "catch" as if they were spelled "ken" and "ketch." What plummet can we use to sound the depths and measure this that we call civilization? Coomachee, the last Seminole chief, folded his arms as he sat on the deck of the ship that bore him across the Gulf of Mexico. He watched

the pine trees of his native Florida fade away. His pine trees, his land, taken by civilization!

Is civilization relative to our point of view? This expression, this synonym for progress towards getting those things which provide the greatest good to the greatest number, can we measure it? The Greeks called the Persians barbarians, and yet these latter had under Cyrus a keen perception of the one God, whilst the Greeks had many gods. The Greeks, before they entered battle, combed their long hair and were in some things not much in advance of the North American savage. The Persians dwelt in luxury and comfort, and looked upon these Greeks much as we Canadians look upon the Esquimaux. Who were the barbarians—the Greeks with their horrid Eleusinian mysteries, the Romans with their Lupercalian feasts, or the Persians with their oriental magnificence?

How do the military splendor and refined artistic taste of the barbaric Moor in Cordova and Seville, from 1000 A.D. to 1300 A.D., compare with the savage cruelty of the civilized Spaniards in the 15th, 16th,

and 17th centuries? Verily, the civilizing Moor could point to the savage Spaniard and say with Chinese meekness, "You Christian, me heathen," as he received the death-blow at Granada in 1493. It is a peculiar contrast, that of Isabella dealing death to the best artificers of her kingdom and finally expatriating them, at the same time giving her jewels to endeavor to find a new home for Christianity in the West.

Chivalry lived in the 11th to the 15th centuries. Have we it now? The crew and officers of a highly civilized nation stood by and saved one woman out of two hundred in the *La Bourgoyne* disaster. Were there no Cids, or Black Princes or Elizabethan heroes on board? Would St. Louis of France need to go on a crusade to Jerusalem or Paris if he were alive now? How would Du Guesclin's chivalric soul respond to such disaster? Spain is worried by bandit-chiefs in Cuba, who are aided by United States adventurers. Spain offers to arbitrate, but the sword in 1898 decided. Arbitration is declined, and Porto Rico becomes a garden for United States farmers to grow sugar cane. Dewey eats his breakfast in

Manila Bay prior to practising at a six-mile range on the antiquated Spanish forts and vessels whose guns cannot reach his distant ships. What an aureole of splendor encircles his "Gridley, you may fire when ready"!

Since 1850 we have had wars everywhere. Russia and England, Prussia and Denmark, United States Civil War, Mexican War, Austria and Prussia, France and Germany, Russia and Turkey, China and Japan, Greece and Turkey, United States and Spain, all the Indian and Egyptian campaigns, the numerous Italian, French and English colonial wars, the South American and the South African wars—all of these in the civilized half of the 19th century, when we used electricity, coal, lucifer matches, steam, sewing-machines, etc.

What a stride it was from the old tinder-box to the lucifer match, and how progress plumed itself on the gas-jet as being so far ahead of the inflammable, explosive, burning fluid of fifty years ago. The cigarette, that mark of our progress, that is so easily lighted by match or gas-jet, is rapidly enervating the race. What Spanish youth of to-

day, in his patent leather boots and cigarette in mouth, could wield those two-handed swords still hanging on the walls of the Royal Armory at Madrid? Will the refined art of prize-fighting, as detailed in the Canadian press, go to the other extreme and create all muscle and no mind? The cock-fighting of the uncivilized centuries is going out, but is the man-fighting of the 20th century an advance?

Have we so much light that we can speak of the Dark Ages, or do we judge advance only by its scientific side, forgetting the moral? The feudal lords of the 12th to 16th centuries had only rush-lights. No carpets deadened their footsteps, and I doubt if they had feather beds. They knew little of art and less science, but they had righteous fear, deep love and strong friendships. When they saw the degradation of women in the 15th century they cried for a reform through the voices of Savonarola and afterwards through Luther.

Are our large armies an aid to morality? What benefit arises morally from having troops quartered in a city? Are we so quarrelsome in this advanced civilization that we

need large armies to keep the peace? These armies tend to breed the forces that disintegrate and destroy that very moral life which they are supposed to protect. To curb great wrongs we lay the foundation for still greater evils. With all this array of force, England and America failed to help Armenia. England dare not attempt it alone lest Russia instigate a Mohammedan uprising more disastrous than the blotting out of Armenia. Russia would not proffer her aid, as she is an opportunist. Thus by the consent of timid Europe, the harem of Turkey and all the vice of that power still rules in a large part of south-eastern Europe. The Crusades of the 12th century may have been engineered by policy, but the direct influence on Richard and other chiefs was the trumpet call that said "Free Palestine." Those people without steam, gas, matches, coal, electricity, cannons or telephones, believing in the visibility of saints and the near presence of God, and fearing the dire consequences of a bad life, performed deeds of heroism to shake off the Saracen yoke from the Holy Land. Those feudal chiefs did in the 12th century for Palestine what the civil-

ized 19th century has not done for Armenia. We, with all our 19th century polish and our 20th century science, our reading of Talmage's sermons and attendance at effervescent meetings, still allow this Turk, this man of family, to camp in Europe, to make Greece his battle-ground, Armenia his hunting-field and Jerusalem his dime-show.

True, we are in advance of the Patagonian and the Esquimaux, but by the standard of the "greatest good to the greatest number," how do we compare with the 14th and 15th centuries? The feudal lords had some care and love for their villeins and dependents. There was a mutual interdependence. The lords were obeyed, but at the same time there was no luxurious extravagance such as we find in France in 1650 to 1750. The retainers depended on the chief for food, clothes, etc., and gave him back their help in war. So there begat a love and friendship, a clan feeling between chief and men, such as lingered long in the Highlands of Scotland. We remember how Chief Cluny hid in his cave for years, but no clansman would earn the £100 reward offered. During that period in England wages were fair and

would buy more provisions than can be got with the present higher wages. The love of liberty and equality received fair play under Elizabeth. She was the great civilizer, although not civil. Compared with the 16th century, how black and forbidding is the 17th, when Charles II. reigned in England and Louis XV. in France. The 16th century politics knew but the man first, his purse next. To-day, it is the purse we filch, forgetting the man.

Is, then, our boasted progress but a path for only a few, who step on the bones of many? Is it true that the president of the company in his effort to get ten per cent. dividend, so that his salary of $10,000 will be paid, cuts down the living wage of five hundred men? Do women sell themselves because their wage will not provide necessaries? Do men get disheartened and go down to the depths because one or two weeks' sickness puts them forever in debt? Is there any love between the factory hand and the employer? Is there not envy, fear and malice? Is it our civilization that permits the Standard Oil Company to control almost all the oil wells of Canada and the

United States? If so, then we may have another 1793 and another Marat and Robespierre to wreak vengeance on both guilty and innocent. If civilization and the scientific advance of the 19th century lead up to another 1793, then the twentieth century children will anathematize the 19th century as a period of despotism worse than that of absolute monarchy or of obstinate feudalism.

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We look with half contempt on the gesticulatory and voluble Italian. We fail to realize how the stolid-looking German can feel the symphonies of Beethoven and the wild vagaries of Chopin; and yet these races are our superiors in courtesy—that unselfish, graceful kindness, that fair flower of true culture and civilization. Is it in Norway or Sweden where the men elbow the ladies off the narrow sidewalk? "Elbow room," said a stout lady, as she was thus discourteously treated, and her strong New England muscle knocked both men into the gutter.

How much can we praise the woman who

deliberately keeps two seats in a railway carriage, when she sees a tired woman, with two bundles, looking for a resting-place? Hundreds of well-dressed, fashionable women lack the politeness to offer the other seat to such a seeker. Yes, it is worse in the United States, but that is no excuse for our misdeeds. It is but poor consolation for us to know that some of our imported clergy are equally impolite. Generally they bring us superior gifts in art, literature and manners, but Jove cannot always keep awake to distribute his gifts.

A certain Maritime bishop, fond of logic and grammar, entered a crowded car at ———. An aged countryman, recognizing him, rose and said: "Set here, my lord." "Set," said the Bishop, "sit here, you mean." "Yes, sit, I mean, and I sit corrected," said the farmer, as he retook the seat.

Education that informs only the head and at the same time tears away the soft impulses of the heart is not the highest. As Emerson says: "It is the middle zone that is best." Not where we sink to sensuality and mere feeling, eat our food and drink our

drink. Not where we rush to sterile and chill peaks of science, searching with eagle eyes new things to proclaim to a hand-clapping public. 'Tis the middle path where we can walk safest, for there the heart and head help each other.

Courtesy for those whom we meet engenders a like return, and the world is better for it, far better than if it were all science and all sensation. Do we Canadians cultivate that kindness, that courtesy, which is not born of wealth or of literary culture? How is it with the young folk? Are they polite? About one boy out of ten knows enough to take off his hat in a private office, and young people rarely use the word "pardon" or "excuse." Note the attitude of youth towards parents. Is not contradiction quite often heard, and rarely with an apology? Are we imitators of the Yankee youth—for such traits in England are not common? I really think the fathers are to blame for the positive rudeness of our young folk. Striving to get a competency, or great wealth, the father leaves all to a tired mother and, perhaps, in his own hard work, forgets to be polite.

The mother of all unkindness must be selfishness. It may be that we forget to be civil, but it is a poor excuse. The Bisharee Arab, in his waist-cloth, rich only in his oiled and shiny black curls and glistening teeth, is civil—the opulent Turk is not. Can it be that wealth tends to despotism, arrogance and rudeness?

In what class of our people does the greatest kindness exist? What answer would the King's Daughters make? Wealth brings us care and selfishness, which estrange. Gradually we are different, we are suspicious and are unkind, or proud, or mean. Wealth has this advantage, it gives more liberal education and it provides comforts. But the disadvantage is that it provides luxuries and creates the desire for more wealth, and either the soul becomes starved or the body weak. Rich Rome never conquered the poor Basques. Spain was strong until Pizarro and Cortez sent back the galleons of treasure. I am curious to know with whom the most kindness and politeness exist, with the laboring class or with the wealthy? Will the reply of the Guilds show that kindness, the mother of civility, is more

often found in the cottage of the poor than in the castle of the rich? There are no wills for heirs to quarrel about among the poor; no special lucrative appointments on which to cast envious eyes, no official shoes to be filled by an acquisitive cousin. Is it true that young ladies of the wealthy class imbibe the arrogance of their parents and with the advent of slang are also rude and vulgar?

Poverty with its want of fine clothes and lack of trained phrases, but with its inherent kindness for its own, is to be prized highly compared with wealthy vulgarity, arrogance and selfishness. Nor do I mean that all the wealthy are vulgar, nor all poverty kind. But the mainspring of wealth tends to selfishness, which begets unkindness, whereas in poverty the incentive to kindness is less alloyed by the desire of gain.

Our school teachers should consider this question of manners as next to morals. First see that in their own attitude towards the pupils they are civil, and how quickly the example will tell. Can we expect much from the boys if the teacher keeps his hat on when meeting a lady, or when calling at a gentleman's office, or when receiving visi-

tors at his school-room? "Please," "thank you," are small words, but they tell us as much in the school-room as at the dining-table.

The basis of our school law is a generous, noble ambition to give equal education to all. The ambition sprang from the highest motives of unselfish kindness. This kindness is the mother of civility, and the youth should be turned out of our schools with a good mind, kind heart and civil manners.

"Who would be a man must be a nonconformist."

Fashion calls out, "Erase the word gentleman," and at once the crowd conform. It is said that the present English King could not easily bend his arm to shake hands, thus the "high" handshake came in vogue. How John Knox or Martin Luther would laugh in pity to see the flocks so easily led! We are the two-legged men, but are we not like the four-legged sheep? Blunt John Burns won his way through Newgate to Parliament and the people's hearts. He would not abide by the old order and was hated by the Lord Tom Noddys, whose aristocratic ties, if traced back, might end in a large loop, as

intimated by Tom Hood. Millions of miles away the sun draws the opening flowers. They move their folded petals and shyly let in the warmth, following their benefactor as he arches from east to west. The Eternal Will compels and all Nature bends. Two thousand miles away a Royal Princess becomes lame and needs higher heels. Then we human flowers destroy our natural gait by mincing in high-heeled shoes.

The solemn, coffin-like aspect of a hundred gentlemen at a public dinner is a marked contrast to the showy elegance of Charles the Second's time, or the brilliant spectacle of a military assembly. Is it jealousy that clothes the soldier in scarlet and puts all the others in shivery black? Or is the age gone mad with practicality, disclaiming all purple and fine linen?

The climate in Canada suits the white, trembling anemone and the pink arbutus just as well to-day as it did in 1645, when Marie Jacqueline and her Indian guides gathered them on the hills behind Fort La Tour, near the River St. John. The flowers hold the same garb, drink the same air, and, wrapped in the same litter of leaves, moss and snow,

they have their annual death. We poor things with our part divinity, by which we should be moulded for higher seats, change dress, gait, speech, action, politics and even creed, because we are cowards.

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as others see us!
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us
> And foolish notion,
> What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
> And ev'n devotion."

Often do we sign petitions or give charity because we had not the moral courage to refuse. Nomination papers, subscriptions to magazines, petitions for redress, all bear dozens of unwilling names of moral cowards, of conformists—men who are afraid of being in the unapplauded minority. Conformity to fashion is only outward show. It is when the tailor has taken off the clothes that he can tell the body to be fitted. I wonder what Carlyle thought of the peg-top pantaloons, the narrow trousers, the side-walk-trailing, dust-gathering skirts. Burns, who has done more for Scottish nationality

than Wallace or Bruce, touches the heart of the question in his

"A man's a man for a' that."

It is the man—not his clothes, not his voice, not the curl of his hair, or the elevation of his eyebrow. It is the Canadian gentleman of whom we ask, "Are you to become a real gentleman, or a base conformer to church or party?"

In religion, that attitude of the soul towards the Creator, we must ascertain and feel all the teachings which come, not entirely from church, or school, or books, but rather from trees and flowers, the sea, the sky, and the depth of our own penetrable natures. Placed on earth with this half-divine longing for knowledge, we must not permit any class to lead us, blind, on the path. If we are eternal, if we believe in immortality, let us often fall on Mother Earth and, getting enlightened by her secrets, let us learn for ourselves to climb the Jacob's ladder of mountains, until we can get the white feather of truth found at last by the African hunter.

Cowper wrote about "blind unbelief," but it is the blind belief of the lazy citizens

that is to be deplored, those citizens whose stolid life the melancholy Jacques rebukes with scathing words in "As You Like It." It is these conformists who have retarded always the van of progress. They told Columbus his ships would go down hill in sailing westward and could never climb back again; they put Galileo to the rack, and expelled the Huguenots. They hurrah with the savage side of man if it be popular, and in the Dark Continent exhaust national honor, blood and money to subdue an independent and brave people. In our own continent they contemplate with equanimity a barbarity in the Philippines equal to that of the red Indians' treatment of colonists and Jesuits in Canada three hundred years ago.

In religion we must be men, and to be that we must be nonconformists. Religion is vital. It was before church and creed, and will exist after them. One is of the Soul and of God; the other is useful as a help and a guide. Man could exist without church and creed, but he could not exist without religion—he would retrograde to the brutes. Thus the religious aspiration of man proves his divine kinship. In politics,

in the State, we must also be our own authority. Seize all we can in books and teachers, but let no man decide for us the right or wrong of the vital questions.

The great subscribers to a party do not like the independent voter. A question of franchise is up in Parliament; it is for a railroad, or lighting rights, or canal route. "B—— can't be depended on," cry the capitalists. "He may vote against the party." "Never mind," says B——'s conscience, "on vital questions, where Canadian character is affected, vote your own thought, not the wish of others." The party leader may politically hate the representative who does this, but he respects the man. And the man? What about his self-respect? The rich supporters growl, but after a while the people recognize him as unbribable. Like Parnell, he has the red mark to his name, "Not to be bought."

We may not know the best clothes, the finest accent, or the most elegant movements, and so submit in these to the nod of prince or smile of princess, but the Soul elects its iron ruler. We know the right and the wrong. Wisdom, that sprang all armed out of Zeus's

head, is to be had if we read and think. Is it for the stump orator, who is speaking for office, to tell us to vote that Canada should sell her Intercolonial Railway to the Morgan Syndicate or to the Canadian Pacific Railway? Is it for us to spend millions in establishing a military force which is unproductive in peace and frightfully wasteful in war? Are we liberal or conservative in politics just because our parents were liberal or conservative? Shall we be High or Low, or no Church, simply because we were taught this or that? Will our eyes be always in the back of our heads? The character of the true Canadian gentleman will not develop to its plane if we continually look back. We will only live in the long shadows, whereas the garden of Hesperides with its golden apples should always lure us on.

Every protest wakens thought. Every nonconformist alleviates what wrong there was. The protester may tyrannize afterwards, as in the eighteenth century, following in the wake of the protesting Puritans of 1620, but he ameliorates and leavens.

Blind belief in a man, a party, or a church

is no benefit to growth. It is liable to lead to oligarchy and even tyranny. Sturdy dissent and question, with thoughtful inquiry and manly self-reliance, will develop the truer Canadian gentleman, in whose character the people will see their highest thoughts reflected, and in whose independent acts, be he French or English, Protestant or Catholic, they will take infinite pride.

Do We Know Our Own?

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

—*James Montgomery.*

"And yet there is a moment
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge;
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with a deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane."

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

DO WE KNOW OUR OWN?

OBJECTS in perspective diminish; the railroad, far off, joins its parallel rails. How differently our imagination acts! The Trojan heroes are seven feet high, and Achilles, in his new armor and marvellous shield, stalks a giant. Charlemagne is revered as a statue in front of St. Peter's, or as a flaming sword forcing Christianity upon the Druidical Saxons. Even Charles the Fifth, who said he would not war with Luther's bones, stands a heroic-sized figure in this perspective of three hundred and fifty years, and we forget the cups of senna he took after each gluttonous feast. Homer makes Ithaca shaded with groves and musical with purling brooks, but the vision flies and we see rock-covered heights and treeless slopes. We picture to ourselves impetuous streams near Sparta, Athens, and Argos, that bore along the themes of Homer's song, but they are dried into quiet brooks, not wide enough to

balk a nimble boy or the pet dog of the tourist. These Greeks had their fir, poplar, and oak; they had their chill winters when snow lay heavy on their hills and weighted the fir-branches with a load all dazzling white. Deep into their shores ran bays like Fundy and Chaleur, but stony and unlovely for cultivation were the slopes and uplands, except here and there where olive-trees yielded their fruit. The Greek struggle for existence was like that of the Netherlands in the fourteenth century, man trying to draw nourishment from sea and land; Nature trying to win back from man her dominion over shore and fields. This struggle, this labor of the "curly-headed" Greek, taught him fear of the elements on sea and land; he peopled all places with gods. From fear he learned to know and eventually to love the "mountains that look on Marathon," the pass of Daphne, the flower-decked pathway to Eleusis and the shores of Salamis.

In my boat, in the eddy at the St. John rapids by Split Rock, I have watched the Scylla and Charybdis of the river gradually grow calm, until it was safe to slip through by the three islands and up to Indiantown.

How Jason and his Argonauts would have hung upon their oars in fear of those whirls! What stories we would have had to-day if the pass between Italy and Sicily had been one-half as dangerous as the ever-changing rapids of St. John or the foaming waters of Lachine! Watch the force of the vast Atlantic behind the Bay of Fundy tide as it strives in the narrow gate, four hundred feet wide, against the gathered currents of the Kennebecasis, the Oromocto, the Great Lakes and the forest-born river of St. John. Here, twice daily, the forces of a thousand inland-springs pour against the deep tide-wells of the ocean. No old Greek or Roman had any conception of this wonder, manifest at our very doors, but we look at it carelessly and diminish the wonder of it because it is our own.

We fail to know our own. Strangers tell us about Kakabeka Falls, near Thunder Bay, and how the Indian god still hovers over Lake Superior. Chateaubriand writes about Niagara,—we read him, but fail to look with awe upon the unwindings of its thundering folds. We hear of Quebec, but forget to gaze upon the rainbow-mists hiding

the swiftness of Montmorency. At night in May, when Venus shows her fair beams over Carleton Heights, at St. John, we hear, three miles away, the continual thundering of the unchained river meeting the Titans of the sea. There is no Protean deity herding his seals in the weed-curtained caves below the high cliff, but the changing tide-god is there. In three hours the wild boars cease their mad hunting, and the light of the deep-set stars reflect in the calm depths spectral bridges, which stretch filmy forms from cliff to cliff. Alas, we do not love our own. We have firs that would make Mount Soracte weep tears as bitter as Dead Sea apples. We have Horatii by the score to defend, but alas, no Horace to preserve the story in rhythmic song.

"Never in all Switzerland," said my friend, "did I see more wonderful sunset colors." This was not in Genoa, nor in Athens, but on Kennebecasis Island, just opposite Millidgeville, in New Brunswick. There, where the larger island is joined to the smaller by a grass-covered neck, a sheltered cove nearly half a mile in circumference, is formed. Rising from the midst of

the reflected sky and clouds lies a wooded islet. Bay within bay; islet within the folds of two islands. Home of the shapely cedar, resinous spruce, and feathery hackmatack, where the loon utters its mournful call, where the bittern beats out its lonely cry, and the graceful heron shows its poised form watching the tide rippling over a sandy bar. We are so hedged round with infinite beauty that we have but to open our eyes. Striped trilliums, purple violets, painted oxalis, white anemones, all with a thousand eyes are unfolding to receive the balm of the south wind, to take from the shafts of sunlight the colors of gladness. At the close of this fair Canadian day, they fold their petals in silence and rest till the hurrying planet ushers again the swift chariot of Phœbus Apollo.

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Walking along the road beyond Rockwood Park, my Scotch friend said: "We have so many wild flowers at home," meaning that Canada had so few. I thought of the Scottish hills where little is seen except the broom and the heather. I told him of

the hepatica, whose blue petals are seen the last of April; the arbutus and its fragrant blossoms peeping through the snow and leaf-mould; the striped oxalis, the grass-pink, Solomon's seal, the white anemone, the painted trilliums, the lady's slipper, the purple and white violets, the morning-glory, the tiny eye-bright, the houstonia, with its blue and white petals, the bog-bean, sheep-sorrel, the purple rhodora and many other summer flowers, also the autumn blossoms and the many trees that flower before they leaf. He did not know the hair-edged leaf of the sundew, nor had he noticed the purple-veined cup of the pitcher-plant, and had no conception of the marble-white of the Dutchman's pipe, nor the odd shape of the Jack-in-the-pulpit. He had seen the purple fire-weed against the barrenness of the burned patches, but had never noticed the silken curls of its seed-cells fly off on their mission, nor had he ever pressed the seed-pods of the "impatiens fulva" to see them scatter their contents as if struck with a faint electric spark. Was ever any wild flower more beautiful than the trillium, its glossy leaves a background for the petals? When Marie Jacqueline, the wife

of La Tour, wandered with her Indian guide above Lancaster Heights, the ragged-robin trailing amongst the leaves and moss added a more vivid beauty to the clusters of May-flowers which used it as a warp.

Are we really unconscious of the wonder and beauty that lie so near our feet? Wordsworth, from his quiet lakes; Scott, from his islands, hills and moors, saw the beauty and enchantment of spring following winter. Canadian by-ways run over brooks, and along great rivers, over high hills, and along fertile valleys. Fragrant water-lilies, pink twin-bells, nodding golden-rod and purple asters, odorous cedars and rustling pines, all these and so much more beckon us. To those who seek, all these are waiting, and in them and their communications lies the balm. Drink deeply of these divine springs that surround us, and we need not wander to Europe or Cathay.

See what lies beyond the mountain, but learn that the valley you left was the land beautiful. Did ever a bobolink, in its sable plumage, chatter more sweetly than the one that kept you listening so long that July day in the Nerepis Valley? In the shadow of

Gizeh's pyramid you think of the unrest of millions and of the kings who ordered all that toil and labor. Cairo, Rome, Athens, these take you from yourself to wonder at kings and emperors, but soon afterward you are inundated by your consciousness. Perhaps the most lovely object you saw in Italy was the Roman daisy. It calmed your fever, for it made you think of the field before your own door. The joy of those moments allays the unrest of a decade. The searching eye of the Tangier Jew who offers an opal at double price hardens you,—the trust of the curl-crowned face that runs to you with hands outstretched for flowers is your compensation. The lines in your brow contract as you look at the giant leaf of the Victoria regia in the London gardens. Wandering up the steep hill near Gaspé you come upon a bank of twin-flowers. Every fibre of your thought sways to the joy of their color, fragrance and gentle beauty. In the depths beyond the orange-tinted cliff of Roc-Percé, calm and succeeding calm lie where cool grottos makes homes for cave-anemones and sea-urchins. Great medusæ, like moons, go sailing by, trailing tentacles like ropes from

a submerged balloon. Life seems torpid where the eternal deep hides the leviathan. In the Sargossa Sea, inactive, the weeds impeded the restless spirits of Columbus and the two Pinzons. Those who long for rest get it not in placidity, nor coral depths, nor in weed-clogged spheres. When the mind turns inward and you long for the slopes of the Rockies and the eternal pines, seek not the answer so far away. At your own door lies infinite variety, colored with lights that shoot from your soul's prisms. Inscribe not your initials on the front of Boar's Head, where the St. John and Kennebecasis unite, but lie in your boat under the overhanging edges of the bluff and let its influence write the lesson on your thought. You can get no more, if as much, from Mont Blanc. The primeval forces that erected the snow-topped barrier between cold Germany and warm Italy, is it not the same that burst apart the limestone ridges at the Cantilever Bridge at St. John, and thus changed the Rothesay Valley into a lovely Arcadian scene, which had been else a broad, rushing river? Does not the bluebell in July cling just as lovingly to its limestone house within five miles of

your door as it would on Ben Nevis or in the Trosach's glen?

Touch the silver chord of your memory, and how it vibrates to the thoughts of days when the shapely cedars clustered so green on the heights near Pokiok. Visit the Lake Country in England. Return, and with Wordsworth under your arm, wander to the cedar-crowned cliffs. Look out over the rush of the Narrows. You will say: "Oh, if Wordsworth could have also seen this, how much more he would have been." But Wordsworth knew what our Canadian cedars had to tell and he saw their beauty and grace from afar. His heart swelled to the gentler theme that sang in the milder beauty of Windermere and Grasmere. The Latins knew the secret, "Carpe diem," which might mean, "Seize the things near us."

Take the Roman Emperor's advice and you can be alone whilst in the crowd. But the deeper thought comes only in flashes unsought, when the ruby of the dewdrop dazzles the eye and burns, when the heart lies still in suspense—this comes not in the street or carnival. We create our landscapes. Sentiment uses its brush lavishly and makes islands out of clouds. Ofttimes

the shadow is more correct than the substance. We need not stand on our heads to change river into sky and sky into river. Jacob's ladder at times rolls down out of a pearly cloud and we see figures ascending and descending. When this occurs, then that day is wrapped in sacred clothing,—sealed, except at these rare and precious moments. Perched on a rocky ledge by the seashore, a day-worker sits, watching the vessels sailing by. He sees the two-sailed fishing boats slipping past Manawagonish Island. He follows the light on their sails as they dip like gulls off Shag Rock. Near by he sees the smoke of a thousand chimneys rising and soiling the blue. Carelessly he shapes a shingle to the form of a boat. But all this time insidious Nature has entered the open portal. He is better and wiser for the fishing boat and the gulls and the life below the chimneys.

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Away from dim recesses of the Maine woods comes the stream that feeds the four hundred and eighty miles of river emptying into the harbor of St. John. On these banks

French Royalist and Huguenot have bivouacked, Puritan and Cavalier have sailed by those forest-covered slopes, and New England Loyalists have wandered there bringing the wreck of their fortunes to found a new city and a new home. When Champlain and DeMonts sailed through the narrow entrance to Digby Basin in 1604, did the shores and slopes look more lovely to their longing eyes than to ours now? Do we re-people Port Royal and its fort and see the peace-loving Indians of Acadia mingling with the gay-coated chevaliers of Louis XV., as they come in and out over the rude bridge that crosses the fosse before the iron-studded gates of the fort? Or do we see in the *débris* of earth-work and sally-port shown at Annapolis only the effect of shovel, axe, and trowel?

At Pabineau Falls, near Bathurst, New Brunswick, you will see the same kind of deep, round pots in the granite bed, formed by the grinding of the glacial period, that are shown at Lucerne, Switzerland. There, beneath Thorwaldsen's stone lion, carved in the face of the living rock, the Swiss school-teacher brings her scholars to

tell them the story of how these noble Swiss, symbolized by the dying lion, gave their lives for Marie Antoinette. We have no revolution of 1793 to bemoan, nor have we Thorwaldsens to carve lions out of precipitous cliffs. But within the last three hundred years the painted warriors of the Algonquins have flashed their paddles in the swift foam of the St. John rapids, the blue flag of the Bourbon has flung out its golden lilies as the adventurous French sailed up the St. John River to Jemseg, and the stern retribution of the greatest Englishman was felt in 1654 when his fleet swept through Grand Bay in pursuit of the Bourbon lilies.

Canadians should know their own provinces before they seek the distraction of Europe. We seek in Paris an antidote for our home *ennui*. Wilheim Meister wandered, but his best life was at home. In this he was like his author. Teufelsdrockh became almost insane as he wandered, but from the tops of his own hills he had the supremest rest and found the everlasting comfort. Although his author wrote for the world, yet how he loved his Scotch Craigen-puttoch. What have we to cure; what

are the ills for which we seek compensation on the Rhine? We have the St. Lawrence and its thousand isles. It may be that we are really ignorant of the restful places and thus seek the lights of the boulevard and "café chantant" to distract.

Over the hills near St. John and across the inland bay of twenty-five miles area, and up the winding valley, along the swift stream, past the white rapids, let the rest-seeker go. Climb the steep path to the rugged cliff, then up to the very top; there, on the broad rock-plateau of Douglas Mountain, stand and look down. Below, you see where the Douglas and the Nerepis streams join and with the melted snows of the upper valleys and hills rush wildly past Eagle Rock, down Sally's Rapids to the river. Gravelly beds and sandy shallows, up which the speckled trout love to dart; overhanging banks from which huge crooked roots cast fearful and strange shadows; lower banks where the sedges hide the wild duck and its young brood, and from which the startled heron springs, and where the loon builds its nest. Wind-flowers and violets bend in countless thousands, while along the slope

of the hills trilliums and oxalis make the woods gay.

The garden where we have worked and tended, where we have watched the earth mould give way to Nature's activity, is more lovely than the hot-houses of Kew. Ever the plant or child we cultivate is that in which we have joy. Not selfishly so, but it is of us, and we of it. The old well at the farm near the mountain, the spinning-wheel, the string of apples, the old pitch-pole fence, how we love the memory of it all. It is only because we are ignorant of the many rest-places in Canada that we do not love them. Dalhousie on the Restigouche, Bathurst on the Nepisiguit, Grand Manan, L'Etang, St. Mary's Bay and its sandy coves and jasper-streaked headlands, and St. Andrew's, with its lovely islands.

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Some day when the Bay of Fundy tide runs to its farthest verge, and the faint sound of its song-ripples comes to you with the first movement of the flood, wander down over the ledges that line the great clay banks, down across the sands, twenty feet

below the level of the sea at high tide six hours earlier, and watch the life of that untamed ocean whose folds encircle two-thirds of the world. No velvet is softer than the feathery edge of the undulating ferns that cling to the sides of the wave-worn hollows of the great ledge. No knight of Arthur's court had the wonderful mail that covers the front of that boulder which lies bedded in the sand, lion-like, with its mane of dark-green sea-weed and tawny pods like yellow pearls. No Iris, slipping from Jove's knee, gave out more color than the tiny whorl of shell which slides to the brown and green bed beneath the troubled surface of the pool. The secret of the tide is hidden out there along the horizon and no mermaid's voice reveals it. High up against the bank, in the fern-ledges, you read the passage of millions of years. From the stiff clay roll out the ponderous rocks. Here lies the half-formed pudding-stone, the child of a hundred years; there the polished conglomerate that goes back to the Arctic floe. The marble pillars that hold up the roof of Cordova's mosque show not the colors seen in those wave-worn blendings of clay, sand, flint, granite, chalcedony, quartz and spar.

It is the beholder who makes the landscape. Likewise we build our own horizon and may never know where the sky-line meets with the earth-rim. We refer so often to this or that day. On the Nile we watch for the beautiful, and it escapes just as we thought to have clutched it. Seize the present time, not at St. Petersburg, but at Quebec or Tadousac; not at Vienna, but at Vancouver or Halifax. Watch when the tender blue of some June day stoops until there is no horizon,—the clouds are islands, and you are near the moment beautiful. Seize that day with its treasures of sea and shore, forest and stream, meadow and brook, and wait not and sigh not for the painted galleys of the Ganges or the royal palms of the Antilles. Then, when we know the beauty of our own mountains and valleys, and have learned something of Nature's secrets ready to be revealed on the surf-worn ledges at Sheldon's Bluffs or along the gravel-beds of Taylor's Island, we are grasping at the higher citizenship; and, as the beauty of God's work flows in, the reflection of it will be seen in our face, form and action. The vestments of God are everywhere. Through

all the lace-work of maple and rustling poplar, behind the drifts of clouds whitening the green slopes of Bald Mountain, within the force that has burst into the song of birds and the perfume of flowers, somewhere, somehow, lies God's will. This is what Elijah found. This is what you seek in Europe. Search for it in your own homes, your own province, and you will have comfort, joy and rest.

Mechanic and Laborer

"Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what grows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain,
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides."

—*Anonymous.*

"I honor the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet."—*Carlyle.*

MECHANIC AND LABORER.

THE regular and unerring blows by rock-diggers, when drilling a hole preparatory to blasting, cause wonder to the man who finds difficulty in driving a shingle-nail. Down come the heavy iron hammers. They never miss, else the man who holds the long drill would have his wrists broken. This ability to do the thing required becomes the magnet which forces admiration. The mason who lays the stone or brick wall, who points carefully all the crevices, and who finally leaves a finished, smooth and elegant front on a central street, has done a work that influences the unconscious passer-by. The student, philosopher, or historian stands before the temple at Denderah, the graceful columns of the Parthenon, or the white relics of Eleusis, and reads in these the battles, struggles and slavery of the people. No mortar or lime is to be seen, and yet regularly, with the utmost precision, rise the great squares of stone one upon another.

The skill that, in the old time of ship-building, made Canada so well known in Liverpool and other British ports, is still ready to be called into action. The architect, the mason, the stevedore and a dozen others are here with the skill of arm, hand and eye. Who can fail to admire the Notre Dame Cathedral at Montreal, the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, the immense piers that chafe the rapids above Montreal, or the perfect regularity with which the locks at Sault Ste. Marie are opened and closed? Our skilled workman should always aim not only to do true work, but to find real interest in his material. The builder should know the quarry, should have love for its structure, and should seek to know its geology, history and durability. Our carpenters should have a full knowledge of trees, the butternut, maple, pine, etc. If this desire to know from the foundation be grafted to the mechanic's skill, will not his door frame, or his shoe, or his wall reflect that knowledge? Do our inventions help the individual's skill? We manufacture more, but do the goods last as long? Should not the sympathy of the

mind go with the craft? Then it shall be that Canadian craftsmen will stand high as doers of best work and not slop-work. Then will the wall really be a part of the mason, and the house will show not only the architect's plan, but also the genius of the mechanic.

With all our fine-spun scientific theories, and our ideas of trade and finance, how little of solid capacity we find in ourselves if we stand beside a man who is building a first-class fishing-boat. Our theories and assertions are like moving films, and the discerning eye of the boat-builder sees through the pretence of the landsman. Stand by the man laying a stone wall, and where are your problems? Step into the railway caboose and you will see the equals of Locke and Bacon, although they are not able to express it. The main sheet of the yacht gets caught, and before your college mind can grasp the difficulty a sailor runs out on the boom and wards off the danger. Watch the enormous core being made for a casting, or the steady beating of an axe-head to mould it into shape, or the twisting of the red-hot iron strips before they are rounded into perfect

bars, and reflect that all this practical ability rarely earns over five hundred dollars a year. Why is this, and why should the workman take such a deep interest if, after all, his pay is so small he cannot have time nor peace of mind to enjoy it? Politicians will reply and say that the most of these laborers do not yet know the coercive power of the franchise, or how to distinguish between truth and falsehood. Yes, the laborer is easily cajoled. The public library, the public school and the press will be, however, the three factors in making the twentieth century better than the nineteenth. The politics of the twentieth century will be vastly different from those of the nineteenth.

Wealth is the lever to-day that enslaves republics, conquers Spain, or controls most of the coal of Cape Breton and the meat products of the United States. But in a quarter of a century labor will be the giant hand, the many-armed Briareus, who, with the "three R's," will whip the procession of the races. The mechanic and the laborer, even though modified by the public school, may, however, make pretty hard masters. How the aristocrats of 1793 suffered under

the rule of the Commune! Murder stalked with free hand, and the guillotine respected neither age nor sex. The homage to the Seigneur, born of fear and hunger, changed with the tocsin of that day when the Bastile was destroyed, into malignant fury and concentrated hate. The eighteenth century laborers in France had to pay all, to give up all, and to receive almost nothing. Britain under Charles II., and France under Louis XV., placed the last straw that made the laborer rear and throw off the yoke.

Work, with the hands and arms, lies at the basis of all. Small wonder at the old couplet, "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"

What efforts in the past! The pyramids, the bricks made by the Israelites, some of which bricks are still in their places. The Suez canal of to-day, and the other Egyptian canal of three thousand years ago. The conversion of forests into ships, iron ore into great steamers, and the wild land of Western Canada into bread, cheese and butter to be offered in the palatial dining-halls of Europe. Chicago, a village one hundred years ago. India and America, practically

unknown before 1750, and now the labor of hand and arm, guided by intelligence, has brought both of them closely together. Surely labor and activity demand great recognition.

Compensation creeps in at times. The lifting and carrying of the heavy deals on the shoulders in loading ships is hard work, but the deal-carrier becomes strong and never has indigestion. His skill, quickness and endurance are marvellous. He gets three to four hundred dollars a year, but he has sound teeth, good liver, and sleeps well. The millionaire cannot sleep well and has to call the doctor in once a week. See the regular swing of the scythe in the hands of a sixty-year-old farmer, or the continual work of a woodchopper, or the steady rowing of the fisherman. All this labor means houses, food and clothing for the professions, the arts and the sciences.

The king, the bishop, the poet, the painter, all are the outcome of the city and the State, which two are the result of the work of fisherman, farmer and laborer. But time and the earth move, and these last three are learning, not their A B C's, but geometry and

chemistry. The deal-carriers can read, and they know what the deal will bring in Great Britain and how the lumber merchants make their fortunes, so they demand a larger share for the laborer and a smaller proportion for the salesman. Nature grew the log, and the province owned it. Labor says: "I cut it down and stream-drived it, and put it on the hooks at the mill, and guided the saws to turn it into deals, and carried it and stored it in the hold." Stupid labor fifty years ago knew not its value and gladly took their low wages in truck, but now labor can count, spell and read, and labor will have more pay, even though the middlemen, who sell the deals in Great Britain, get less. The farmer also has grown with the century. He was a baby in Napoleon's time, and thanked God for the government. Now he knows that he, the farmer, is government. He nurtures the trees and ploughs the ground. He sows the seeds, cuts hay for his cattle, and at last his butter and cheese get to Great Britain. The middleman used to get about half the gross sale; now the farmer asks three-fourths of the gross for his labor, and one-fourth is left for the ocean freight and selling. The

free schools and public libraries have made it possible for him to know all the values at home and abroad.

And all of these, the farmer, the laborer, the miner, the fisherman, as they become educated, make better citizens, more skilled workers, and should get their full share of the returns for their product. Heart, lungs, body, limbs, brain, only partly developed, get two dollars per day. Heart, lungs, body, limbs, brain, well developed, get two thousand dollars per year. Why is it that necessities such as lumber, coal, oil, gas, wheat, meat, etc., are so controlled as to return to a few men these vast fortunes, when the millions who produce them rarely receive five hundred dollars a year?

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To appreciate skilled labor we should visit the foundries between four and five o'clock. The air-blast is going, the foreman hooks out the stop-piece and the white liquid iron pours into the immense tub hanging from the crane. The great cauldron is nearly full, the sparks fall in showers over the dozen interested, skilled men, waiting to assist in the

completion of the casting,—an engine-wheel that takes two tons of metal. How their resolute, grimy faces are silhouetted by the fountain of dancing lights dropping around them! The mould waits; the two openings receive the contents of the cauldron. Amid the wreaths of smoke the men complete the work of filling up the smaller holes from hand-ladles. Over all runs the mind of the foreman, directing here, there. We travel far to Chicago, spend four hours in Armour's stock-yard to see live pigs turned into barrelled pork, but in our own city this triumph of skilled eye and hand over earth's seamy crust of iron and coal is unknown to us. At New Glasgow, N.S., the liquid iron runs into the sand, the heavy logs or pigs are cooled off; the next week in St. John, close together, say fifty or more, they lie white hot on the floor of the furnace. The thud of huge machines is heard. From the pig the heavy metal gradually goes, until at last, like a fiery serpent, curling and twisting, it is elongated to a three-quarter-inch round bar, twenty to thirty feet long.

The mystery of steam, the genius of the inventor, the deft hand and trained eye, all

unite and produce axes, saws, boiler plate, boards, deals, nails, etc., in many Canadian cities,—all these and much more almost at our door. We know it not, and fail to realize the precise ability required in the man who decides what such a log will cut, or how much heat for an axe, or the exact time at which to transfer the melted metal into a solid wheel. Cubic measurement, geometry, mathematics, the laws of attraction, expansion, contraction, gravitation, all these are needed by the men who make the moulds and complete the casting. These workers get from $7 to $12 a week. Trade steps in, stores the castings, the deals, the axes, and gets a hundred dollars a week, and often two hundred to five hundred dollars a week. If we knew and loved our own we would spontaneously call out, "Give the workers more and the traders less." Cheap labor is dear labor, and in the end the soundness of this doctrine will be acknowledged. Wealth begets idleness and that begets sin. The old economic doctrine that man wants ease and luxury is not true. The average man prefers work of some kind. The ten-fingered laboring animal, guided by the

divine instinct, will always prefer to work. The natural desire of man is "work." He does not want the laborious rush, the steady drive of the factory-hand from seven o'clock to twelve and from one o'clock to five or six, in all the smoke and dust of a close atmosphere. But he does desire moderately hard work of six to eight hours a day in clean rooms and pure air. Such labor is beneficial and is desired by three-fourths of any adult population. It is the drudging along for nine to ten hours, on low pay, in close, dusty rooms, that is hated by workers. No better prospect ahead; accident or illness watching to throw them back two or three weeks or more. Well paid and well fed labor makes the best workers. This has been realized by many western factories. Aiming for higher citizenship, we must try to give the wage-earners more of their products and leave less to the capitalist. It is a poor, crushed life that has the almshouse staring at it. If we studied our own we would see many such crushed lives in Canada, and the duty to aid them is clear. The day is not far distant when wealth will look guiltily at its money bags and apologize for its un-

earned store. Then will come the time when the State, perhaps, can realize the idea of a government not only for the strong and clever, but also to aid the weak and simple.

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The miner, the fisherman, the mechanic and the farmer create all wealth; these lie at the base of wealth's pyramid. I am quite humiliated when I see classes of labor flying apart, instead of rushing together with a centripetal force, like iron filings to a central magnet. No cohesion, no stability; driven hither and thither by charlatan, politician, preacher or talking delegate, the thousands of laborers do not think for themselves, but allow others to do it for them. Workers, the evidences lie before your very eyes, and yet you only stand at street corners ready to vote as the boss or the buyer dictates. You are not cowards, no; for at any moment you will jump into the river to save life, or you will give the married chum the first chance up the ladder out of the choking cellar or blinding steam-filled boiler. You are kind and generous, for I know that you often share with the poor in your street. In this

respect much more love and charity is shown between the working-poor than between the wealthy and those who have lost their wealth. These evidences of stolen birth-rights, of pinched wages, of unwarranted profits, are all known by you, workers in coal and iron, you builders of houses, palaces and churches, you fashioners of boats, railways and steamers, and yet, like the dumb Russian or the Nubian water-carrier, you perform the services and get your small reward.

A few years ago almost all the coal mines of Nova Scotia were absorbed by a few capitalists. Canada owned those mines, and all the men and women of Nova Scotia had special ownership in them. The coal was Nature's gift, not human product. What proportion of the great advance in coal did the miners get in 1902? What proportion did the capitalists get who bought the mines, the natural product? Are iron, steel and tin higher or lower since the syndicate assumed control a few years ago? Even the timber lands are being exploited, and government officials stand by while a member of the Legislature bids in valuable tracts, and the people who own the timber do not get what it is really worth.

Everywhere over the world we see combinations forming to control these natural gifts of coal, iron, wood and oil. If the sea could be parcelled out, no doubt that also would be sold and the fisherman's dory would be owned by another Morgan. Still, through all of this, these men of muscle, this "bone and sinew," as the politicians shout out, give their muscle in patient service, but lack the mind to put their voting power into practice. You may not all have the ten talents, but one talent remains with you, and that is the white paper to be used on election day. Therein lies your remedy—not in strikes, not in turmoil, not in bar-room threats nor useless mutterings around street corners. Directness of aim, coherence of action, solidarity of purpose, and more trust in yourselves and your own possibilities. That is what you want. Make your candidate for Province or Dominion pledge himself to the things you need. What are these?

First.—That no workers employed by any town or city council of Canada shall be paid less than one dollar and fifty cents per day.

Second.—That contractors for government work must agree to pay not less than

one dollar and a half a day for labor. This will help settle the wage-question and will prevent importation of Italian and other similar labor.

Third.—Establishment of old age pensions, such as are already in New Zealand, so that worthy persons over sixty years of age will never have to submit to the ignominy of the poorhouse.

Fourth.—National life insurance, so that the savings of the people will not go to the United States insurance companies, where high rates are paid to keep up the enormous salaries required by rich managers.

Fifth.—A system of civic taxation similar to the Progressive or Graduated Taxation Systems now in force in many European countries, whereby those who have great wealth pay more taxes proportionately than is paid by those who have moderate incomes.

Sixth.—That arbitration between employer and employed be compulsory and that the judgment be final.

But no, the mechanic, the longshoreman and the others will go on grumbling until at last, stung by some fool's eloquence, they will take the law into their own hands. That

means soldiers, guns, bloodshed, and the righteousness of your cause and its success is put back twenty years. Why? Because you did not use the one silver-white talent, but hid it for five dollars, or a flattering word, or a hot drink on a cold night. You forgot your strongest weapon, the ballot, and so you received the reward that haste, misdirected action and brute force will always get. You men of labor belong to the first order, for did not Isaiah, Solomon, Paul and others speak of the iron-workers, the mason, the fisherman, the carpenters, and never in scorn? But woe to the rich man, was the common thought of those past prophets. Belonging, then, to the first order, that order of labor from which all wealth and art evolve, see to it that you advance with the time, that you get the share of life and liberty due to every decent man, and do not allow yourselves to be thrust back into tireless rounds of unending work by the ruthless hand of the millionaire.

Real and Ideal

"O life, O silent shore,
Where we sit patient; O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more:
A little while and then we, too, shall soar
Like white-wing'd sea-birds into the Infinite Deep:
Till then, Thou, Father, wilt our spirits keep."

—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

"The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

REAL AND IDEAL.

SWINGING on a low bush and facing eastward, the setting sun striking purple and gold gleams in its manifold threads, was a spider's delicate web. From the centre ran out the nineteen diverging filaments, making eighteen step-ladders from circumference to centre. The easterly wind played through the nice-laid cross-ropes, where buzzing gnats, deceived, were vainly trying to escape the many-eyed giant who darted from his centre of observation. On almost any marsh along the St. John River grows the Sarracenia; its purple veined cup, like a pitcher, shows a delicate lip, on which the thirsty fly lights to drink from the water just below. It goes down the steep incline, but has to return against hundreds of erect and sticky hairs. The lace-bars of the web, the clear surface of the water in the pitcher plant, the tiny red disc of the Drosera, are some of Nature's illusions and snares by which certain families of plants feed on insect-life.

In human, as in plant life, we find illusions. Emerson says it is an illusion to think "that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour." We cherish the thought that beyond the mountains is the vale of Tempe, but a higher mountain rises. Why were we not content on that day at the Pabineau Falls, when the white water clamored through the narrow gorge and the overflow circled in the worn pits? That was a day to be kept fastened in one's memory. We forget to gather all the fragrance of to-day in vain longing for the Oriental perfumes of next month, or next year.

The old cobbler wondered if Christ would pass by his window that day. He saw an aged, shivering woman and gave her a warm shawl; a hungry boy, and gave him bread and tea; a shoeless street-sweeper, and hurried out to ask him in to warm his cold feet. That night in his sleep Petrovitch saw the street-sweeper, the boy, and the woman, and as they passed by him each one took the aspect and form of Christ.

Let us think more of to-day, the present beautiful moment. We chase the phantasmagoria of distant lands in the silver sea of

Naples, and we sigh for the flashing surf of the Azores. At our door, in the street, within our neighbor's house, is much that goes to make love and beauty, kindness and charity. We have not time to go and see the dog-tooth violets in Hampton Ravine, nor the milk-weed blossoms at Grand Lake.

To-morrow and to-morrow. Thus we put off the call and fondle the illusion of next week and next year. Then death, the dispeller of all illusions, comes, and we are born again. Fame, success! what do they mean in popular phrase? Dr. —— is dead and Mr. —— was buried last week. Rich, titled, they are well known, were successful in profession and trade. A year goes, and perhaps ten persons think of them. Far better to see in Arcturus the wonder of the Master than to have palaces and not know the real King. The clerk whose mind is penetrated by the idea of God gets more of real life through seeing His work in the "wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower," than if he had a salary of five hundred pounds a year and cared not for the daisies and buttercups. While we have the day, let us then seek its beauty. Its message is not fleeting as

is riches, for it talks to the soul, not to the body. Illusions may be the reflections of real truth. There are people who did not know until manhood that "Gulliver's Travels" was a satire. All the child-stories and myths, were they only fables? The light that shone from the helmets and spears of the Norse warriors as they passed over the bridge to Valhalla, does it not tell us something of the people who imagined that the Aurora Borealis was the reflection from those glittering helmets and spears? It took only a sprig of mistletoe to kill Baldur the Beautiful, who was charmed against all else. Thetis held Achilles by the heel. That vulnerable part was where Paris aimed when from the walls of Troy he saw Achilles glorying in the slaying of Hector. Fables, perhaps, but they teach that one wrong line will often destroy the whole canvas. Siegfried and the cap invisible, Ulysses and the suitors, Cadmus and the teeth, Theseus, Medea—these may not be authentic history, but they are the effort of man to explain natural phenomena. Touch them roughly and they break to pieces, but gather them tenderly and we see therein the beginnings

of religion. After a clear night, when the sun's rays lie aslant the fields, timothy and brown-top are radiant with dew. How the green, crimson, and orange glitter through the lenses of these polished spheres! One touch and all is lost, except the memory of color. Folded like lace lie the white gauze nets of the spider, intricate, fine in design. No worker in Italy or France can rival the fineness of tissue. A sweep of the foot and the marvel is gone.

What are the real things of our life, and what are the illusions? Speech, manners, voice, looks seem real, but we know them to be illusions. We have praised what we are afraid to condemn. A voice has a ring of insincerity and how quickly we catch the note. The speaker's words were untrue. We demand the real thought, but how rarely we get it. Is it that nature is true, and art only is illusionary? Nature does not hide her claws. We often see them red. From the great saurians, now extinct, down to the tiny green lizards with jewel eyes, that dart away amongst the gravestones in a Cuban cemetery, all live on each other. The sunset of orange and flame will roll into electric

clouds that slay. The calm depths of the throbbing sea fold up the bones of its victims.

The merchant who hurries down King Street, intent on the affairs of his own ambition, reckons his ten-hour day and sees his money return at the rate of two hundred dollars an hour. "See how he wastes his time," cry the street-talkers as a dreamer passes by. He walks to the pier and looks over the harbor at the great ships, the work, the life. He, the dreamer, is forging the freedom of the workers. He, the merchant or the stock-holder, mayhap is forging fetters on a golden anvil. God's scales can weigh their work. One carries the conscience of humanity close-wrapped around his dreaming soul. He feels the brotherhood. The other, once a week, gets mildly stirred by the eloquence of a popular preacher. Let not the curb-chatterer and the trade-talker dare to slight the man of dreams. His is the only profit that endures. Not on his sleeve, but in his heart keeps he his conscience, and his days are golden with its fruit. He is a guide and not a follower, and when he speaks it is with calm assurance. We have to live,

and to live we have to barter and labor. But there are days to come when work will be impossible, and these unprofitable days are oft richest in reward. It is not the hundred dollar fee you got last week, Mr. Barrister, but the Saturday afternoon you spent beneath the firs on the Metapedia, that gave you the richest reward. Next year that day of 1903 will be luminous to you. Next week you may not get that rich client because you would not stoop to accept a case where you would be almost a party to roguery. But, one string of your heart's harp has a finer tone, and the lady whom you are to marry knows, and God knows. Law is not ignoble, neither is trade, nor labor. God forbid that they should be void of nobility, for in that day Canada will sink into serfdom. The leaven of this country is not in trade nor in laws. This leaven lies in the spirit of the people, and as each citizen makes his days profitable, so will Canada rise to nationality. It is not the reel, the quadrille, nor the jig for which we should remember the natal day, but rather that on July 1st we came to our own. Know more of the Lake of the Woods and the wonderful green

depths of Lake Superior, and then you can recall the English Windermere. Spend a week at your own Loch Lomond, and it will profit you when you visit the Scottish lakes, with their shorn hills and uninviting peat-bogs. Listen to the thundering of Niagara and watch the rainbow-spray of Montmorency before you gaze at the lace curtain that muffles the voice of Father Rhine.

Did Christ pass by this way or that and look gently on you? You knew it not then and thought perhaps the day was unprofitable. It was the child's glad smile that rewarded you as you lifted the impatient little stranger higher in the air to see the sword-dance. It was a slight act, but it is this unrestrained instinct of your heart that makes you akin to God. It was felt by Marcus Aurelius and by you. Thus through eighteen hundred years the Roman and the Canadian grip the same kinship, one heathen, one Christian. Kindness, like the Brennus sword, outweighs all wealth. As we are kind on this day or on that, so do we make it profitable.

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We read a line in Emerson, Carlyle or Plato, and recognize our own thought. The book is forgotten. Out through the window we see the blue lines of fir-covered hills, the river with its merry voices sweeping to the ocean, the blue arch with its white clouds hurrying also to the ocean. But we see further and deeper, for the mind of one of God's seers has, from his greater circle, touched the arc of our puny thought. We are one in that moment. We understand how Socrates drank the hemlock, how Cranmer encountered the flame, and how Christ dared to stand before Pilate. This communion with the great thinkers lies in the grasp of all. Some souls frequently feel this presence of the past, others only realize it once or twice in the year or at long intervals.

The thought of Plato or of Paul may be at the end of the added column of figures, the measured cloth or the repaired shoe. God spoke not oftenest through princes, but rather through fishermen and tent-makers. Once at Blue Rock, where many fishing-boats are hauled up beyond tide-mark, I heard a fisherman say to another: "He said, 'cast on the right side.'" Truly are we only a

little lower than the angels. Unlike the rest of Nature, we *think*, whereas the rest of Nature only grows and feels. Wise as is the ant, I doubt if a thought of Plato or Paul disturbs its activity. In the evanescence and gliding of created things man lays hold of this thought-power as proof of divine kinship. Spirit to spirit we lock arms with David and realize friendship for Saul's son.

In spite of all the unpitying and remorseless thought of Spencer, who says we should not interfere with the natural law that pushes to one side the weak and helpless, we see the bond by which we are linked with the Creator. We sympathize with the love of Jonathan for David, and with the sorrow of Buddha.

When we see a brave attempt to save from drowning we know what *we* might have done. It is this consciousness of possible power to do, based on the love in us, that snaps the fingers at materialism or atheism. There is only one thing on earth worth having. Riches?—read the Hebrew and Greek prophets. Fame?—the curling silk of the fire-weed is not more easily scattered. Power?—its flash is as momentary as the

glint on the knightly spears that ride from Valhalla over the rainbow bridge. A real friend is like the emerald of Polycrates, never to be lost. Ask the owner of millions, the director of a great state, or the composer of a great song. Ask Carnegie, Gladstone, or Wagner. The greatest treasure is the true friend:

> "O friendship, equal-poised control,
> O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
> O sacred essence, other form,
> O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul."

Have we not an enduring remembrance for everyone who went to the high school, the college class? What aid would we not be glad to give to any of that '88 class? It is this quality of friendship or love, call it what you will, resident in all, that binds us to the past and links us to the future. Ask yourself the question, statesman, bishop, or judge, and you will reply that your greatest joy is in the heart of a friend. Amidst all your grossness of power, of pomp or craft, when the time comes to seek the sacred springs of the soul, then you long for the sincerity of friendship, for the soul that will

recognize amidst all your faults that better part which at times cries out to God.

"Ah," we say to every new thought, "what profit is there in it?" Is this new century to be cursed as the nineteenth has been by the continual cry of "profit"? Are the cables of friendship to be sawn in two by the striving necessities of life? Is this to go on until the giant Norse wolf springs forward and devours the sun and begins the awful battle of Vigrid, which ushers in Ragnarok, the ruin of the world and the twilight of the gods? I think not. Surely the heart-strings that link God to man will strike some note of deliverance. What was thought for? Why have we friendship and human kindness? Only one reply: Because God exists and reflected a ray of Himself in us. From cliff-dwellers and from shell-gatherers we have developed to what we are in 1906. We will not go back, but onward. The vista may look dark to many, but the thought that walked with Plato and Isaiah, that tames Jove's thunderbolts, crossing seas and continents in a moment of time, this thought will never lead to slavery. No, it will move on through

the harmony of friendship, and to the ideal life.

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Far away fields look green, and we see Canadians and Americans restlessly searching after the lands which a little reading and considerable fancy have conjured up to their excited vision. For the most part we are too practical, but when visions do come it is on the pinnacles of Switzerland where we seek to catch the substance of our idyllic dream. Why do we go to the vale of Chamouny to seek the reality of our ideal, and forget to see the Gaspereaux valley in Nova Scotia? Ideal and real. May it not be that the so-called ideal is the real? This we will know in the future, for then the ideal becomes the real. Mendelssohn walked through the streets of Frankfort and saw not those who watched his moving lips as he joyously hummed the air of a sweet "Song Without Words." Rothschild, on the other side of the street, holds kings with his money, but the musician holds hearts. John Huss crossed the Karlsbrucke at Prague and went to the Tyne-Kirche to preach. His ideal journeyed with him and afterward became a living reality in Luther and the Re-

formation. Let us not scorn the dreamer. We walk on thin surfaces. A puff and we alight in another world, where we find the dreamer singing his ideals.

Our life is more than a day, or year, or century. The polemics of the pulpit, the topics of trade and the sinuosities of law are strong facts. We see the various life combats of the preacher, the lawyer, the trader, all of whom are constrained to fall in to the trumpet call of "bread." I recognize the value of practical work that keeps the roof dry and the larder provisioned. In this workaday world we must have food, clothing and shelter. We must not waste time and energy and, by that waste, cause destruction at home and abroad. Still, in him who holds the plough, casts the net, or wields the broad-axe, there lies a deep love of the ideal of which he may be unconscious. It is this ideality, resident in all, that fills the aisles of cathedrals. The acolytes finish their services before the altar, and the priest at last shows to the reverent people that symbol so sacred to them. Through the western windows the colored rays fall gently on bent heads as the bell gives solemn warning. Lawyer and laborer all feel more ready

for the common work of the next day. We do not rank Archimedes with Socrates. Pericles, the builder of beauty, means more to us to-day than Peter the Great. It is cheap to glory in arithmetic and dollars. Should we continually estimate a man by his property or business and not by his friends? These last are not bought or sold. No emolument nor office nor gold shall make us traitors to those few friends of school days.

The workers raised the fine-pointed spire of our Cathedral, and curved the exquisitely carved portal of St. Paul's. The work is done and paid for. But the thought of the architect who conceived the beauty of it is never done and goes on to greater performance. The earth, the plough, manures, seed and the sunlight do their work, and behold we see a swaying field of rye. This beautiful object, this ideal of a field of rye, now a real field, was within us when we turned the first furrow. It is curious to see a clergyman, who has always pounded out the duties of life to his congregation, sit patiently in a boat watching the swift movements of the speckled trout around the tempting hook. How the severe lines in a merchant's face

smooth out as he lands his first fish! Into these two has stolen, unawares, all the beauty of rocky islet and wooded hill. Balm-breathing zephyr and rippled lake have had an unconscious influence, and away from them have trooped the arguments and figures, leaving the soul refreshed and charmed. There are the body-life and the soul-life. As we believe in death, so do we know that the body-life is fleeting. As we believe in God and love, so do we know that the soul-life is the real immortal life. Let the bank president remember this, and be humble to the dreamer. Visionary? He, I say, is the reality and we are but of yesterday. We hide our affections and play the Cato. Likewise we try to conceal our visions. Not that we do not feel and have some faith in them, but because we care not to have unkindly eyes prying into secret places. That which we dubbed ideal and visionary may be found real. Giotto, Michael Angelo, Velasquez were practical. Did they not work with chisel and brush? But these great ones were considered idealists in the beginning. Look at Velasquez's Treaty of Breda, Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, or Giotto's Campanile at Florence,

and tell me what engendered the thought that created those masterpieces. We are too practical. Probably a high school boy of sixteen years could puzzle an Athenian youth of the Periclean age in tenses of verbs or in compound fractions. See how business terms abound and how we bend to Croesus. The knee crooks quickly before the banker. On the other side, a man who has entered the Holy of Holies passes by and we know him not. Yes, we must stitch, sum up, measure off and delve, but we must also commune. The New Testament records the real life of Christ, but remember the "lilies of the field." He who was real spoke of the ideal, as did the prophets, as also should we. David says: "Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters and maketh the clouds his chariot."

In this we see the rainbow, its beams supporting God's heaven. Ideal? Yes, but it is real when we cross the bar. Let us then be like the prophets and the psalmist, true to the instincts of worship and adoration. Then, when something from above and beyond submerges our daily life, we will not fear to utter the ideals which crowd upon us, and out of our practical life may float beauti-

ful visions helping us in the thorny places and holding us close when we are touched by ambitious longings.

We borrow from the gypsy and seek refuge in travel. Silent, horseless Venice. We glide along its canals. We do not find our ideal in the dark, sluggish water, nor in the slimy-walled palaces with their nineteenth century advertisements. Then it flashes upon us,—the delight of that canoe-trip from Hampton to Perry's Point on the Kennebecasis. It is a memory never to be forgotten. Let us seek our ideals at home. Not even the Rhine-falls at Neuhausen, where it is broken by two islets of tree-crowned rocks, can vie with the charm of Montmorency's iridescent bands. The same golden thread of beauty that informs the flashing surf at Nice, or winds along the Italian lakes, is to be found in God's garment everywhere. White, green, or russet, as the season—so are earth's vestments in Canada. We reach out, continually seeking by and through this beauty to know the mystery of the Creator, and that effort is the puzzle of the atheist. Let us thank God for this striving for the ideal, for is it not a proof of the future life?

Self-Reverence

"The reverence of a man's self is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices."—*Lord Bacon.*

"This, above all, to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

SELF-REVERENCE.

WHETHER it be conscience and educated reasoning power, or just an intuition, there is a something, a "je ne sais quoi," in the heart of all, which, in great crises, governs our actions and forces us to acknowledge its supremacy. It is this individuality in ourselves that we must reverence and cherish. There is not too much love and pity in this world that we should try to laugh down the feeling that comes when we repeat:

> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

No; rather let us reverence the feeling of human kindness, which is the one tie that lifts us above the animal and brings us a little nearer deity. It was not education that prompted the Mohawk squaws to secretly aid and relieve the tortured prisoners. What

was it that made the western hunter, when attacked by two bears, use his one remaining bullet to kill the grizzly that was pursuing the Indian boy, thus leaving himself unarmed to meet the savage onset of the other bear? It is these monitions of the highest that we must reverence. It is this best, this unselfish, this noble part of ourselves, which I believe is resident in some degree in almost every human being,—it is this divine ingredient of our human clay which claims the highest honor.

When some great mishap has occurred amongst those whom we love and cherish, what is it that makes you almost cry aloud, "Oh, I wish I could have been near to give aid"? What is it that goes with you when you take a solitary ramble near Courtenay Bay, or perhaps along the River Road to Glencoe or Boar's Head? It is no trivial thing, the fact that the shapely cedars overlooking the swift waters of the Narrows have cast an influence over you never to be forgotten. From the rough brow of Boar's Head you watch the yachts whirl and flee across Grand Bay, and you see the hulls of the wood-boats

slipping along Land's End. The evening comes on and the tide around the base of the rocks grows louder as the calm of the day grows more intense. You are controlled by the color, the movement of the river, the calm of the distance. The gathering mists over Westfield are donning their royal robes of purple and blue, and you, all unknown to yourself, by your willing submission, are proving your kinship to Nature's King. Nature is lifting the curtain of your soul, and that day will long be cherished.

Be not afraid to say that there are moments when to ourselves we stand revealed and know good from evil. Let us seize those moments, for the cup is of honey and mellows the days and weeks to come. Are we not better than we seem to be? Do we not qualify, and hide, and draw back, for fear of being misunderstood, or perhaps even fearing our own judgment? Better to advance and make errors than to be always waiting. How the world admires the character of the man who believes in himself! John Huss, the Bohemian boy of 1380, became the idol of his nation in 1414. How the beautiful shore of Lake Constance must have

been thronged with people to see and hear his trial! It was on the 6th of July, 1415, that Emperor Sigismund and the full council, in the nave of the Constance Cathedral, sentenced him to degradation and death, and in the words of the sentence, "condemned his soul to the devil." He, the small man, in mean attire, raised himself up and with clasped hands delivered his soul to Christ. A mile out of the city in sight of the fields and flowers, the blue sky above and the ranges of the Tyrolese mountains in the distance, amid a vast sea of human faces, John Huss, in 1415, and his friend, Jerome of Prague, in 1416, were burned to death. What was it that made the Scotch wife and the Scotch lass refuse the gold offered everywhere for the head of Prince Charlie? An officer lay sorely wounded on the hills in South Africa, and watched with fear the chill night coming on. What was it that made a soldier stop, look down, take off his overcoat and wrap it around the officer and then lie there with him all night, keeping his strong body next to the officer's weak, wounded one? These are of the past, but they are ours with which to shape Canadian

character. There are so many reasons why Canadians should have a profound respect and reverence for their own institutions and country that it seems almost unnecessary to point them out. Yet at times we see a certain subserviency to European opinion that is a surprise, and at once we feel that such persons are not true Canadians. It may be well for us to frankly admit that we have much to learn from British manners, but in morals, government and institutions we are, or should be, superior to the old world peoples.

Music, that fine harmony of sounds, which penetrates and makes the something so akin to deity, is not with us as it is in Europe, nor are any of the fine arts well developed in this new country.

Shall we ever lay good foundations if we imitate and follow? Far better a new effect, an original picture, poem or song, even though it have faults, than a polished copy out of which the life is fled. We have no need of a Schiller to weave songs of freedom, for we always have been free. We need not a Whittier to herald the breaking of slavery chains, for Canada was the home

and goal of the fleeing black-man. It is a satisfaction to know that at last we are learning to have some reverence for the word "Canadian." We do not now look upon Ontario and Quebec as Canada, and we are gradually dropping the words New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is time we stepped out of the provincial leading-strings and held that reverence for our national life which shows the true Canadian.

We must not care what London or Paris will think. We are of the new and are not to pattern our ambitions and aspirations on the old world. Not that we should be blatant about our railways, or wheat lands, or great lakes, so that some Scotsman would speak of us as "blatherskites," as did Carlyle of our New England friends. We should have such faith in ourselves and such reverence for our institutions and country as not to be afraid to affirm their principles and beauty when occasion demands it. It is well to look outward to help human life, but to get most of our force we should look inward, too. If we live on the wine of our best inward life, then are we not better fitted for religion, or politics, or trade? In this we

are deficient; we look forward too much to London, Liverpool, Paris, Chicago. We have labor, trade, politics, religion, and have had war. We have the beginnings of science, art and literature. Of these last two, Canadians should rely on the strength of their own making and not clamor for the timbrels of the Holy Land, or the guitars that tinkled in the hall of the Alhambra during the reign of the Abencerrages.

Our history goes back three hundred and fifty years, but ample Nature runs to the Laurentian period, with all the life, death and the whole story of creation wrapped in the schist and the limestone. We speculate in our Latin and Greek on the asphodel and enhance its beauty and mystery from a distance of two thousand years. On the slopes of Mount Lykabettos, in Athens, the asphodel and its hanging blossoms, with brick-colored stripings, are forgotten against the graceful, slender beauty of the oxalis and twin-flower that carpet the woods just outside almost every Canadian city. Scott has done much for his Highlands, but if it were not for the historic setting, how Ben Nevis and Ben Ledi would dwindle. In

Scotland the wind-music does not run along the pine-tree boughs, nor does the gloaming linger lovingly in the branches of the dark fir. They are gone as the shorn sides of the Scottish hills testify. In a walk of half a mile, in fact, almost at his front door, the Canadian sees spruce, fir, hemlock, ash, poplar, maple, birch, cedar, willow, cherry, bilberry, alder, moosewood, elder. Further off are oaks, elms, beech. These are the harps on which Nature plays her eternal anthem.

Listen to the music that plays through the pine, the rustling of the mountain ash or the chatter of the round silver leaves of the poplar. See the geometric shadows of the maple in its summer green or autumn gold, catch the fragrant breath of the shapely cedar, or watch the swaying whiteness of the cherry and bilberry. Note how the solemn, dark purple flowers of the ash are followed by the loveliest green leaves, or how the mountain ash provides the red fruit for the fall-sparrow. The accurately-trimmed groves of the palace of Schonbrunn, at Vienna, sink into oblivion before the beautiful disorder of these Canadian woods. Are

we not sure of our thought? Seek the by-way, the river bank, where the wind-flower springs in June, white and trembling, glad to shine. Seek a great rock by the surf, its sides all roughened by its mailed coat of barnacles and fringed with green and gold sea-weeds. There, in the shadow, seek for the light, probe the recesses and be not afraid to tell yourself what you are and what you wish to be.

Every soul knows its weakness as well as its strength. You may hide this knowledge, make believe you do not know, but you do. When this research comes you are getting at the best. You are seeking truth. Of such are the truly great. The balsamic air of a Canadian forest breathes upon you, the shadows of the dark fir and spruce and whispering pine caress you; then, when He who orders all this, speaks to you as to Elijah, the mantle of unrest falls off and you are renewed, as was Antæus, by contact with Mother Earth. The by-ways near our own city hold the secret, the elixir. To some abiding place, be it the cedar cliffs at Glencoe, the slope at Greenhead, or the calm of Dark Lake, return often, and as rest comes

to you so will the little world about you grow more poised and content.

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The routine at school is so effective that we continually quote Horace, Shakespeare, and others of the mighty dead and are forgiven the imitation. David has changed our speech and Burns' homely words are heard in chateau and cottage. We quote Milton unknowingly and are not charged with plagiarism. Kipling tells his Indian stories, and a writer in the *Canadian Magazine* deliberately strikes the same vein. "The coin is spurious, nail it down," said the sturdy old Englishman. Is it that Canada must ever bend, sue and imitate? What stuff are we made of that we cannot have our own? It is the work, the climate, the soil, the physiography of a country that makes men. We do not throw our corn on the subsiding waters of the Richelieu or Red Rivers and sit still and watch an abundant crop spring up in four weeks. No, we plough, harrow, seed and reap on the plains. We chop, square and saw in British Columbia. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia

we go down to the sea in ships and cast our nets out upon the waters of the Atlantic. After the sea, the mine, the forest and the farm have given us their store, we still have the life of mill and workroom. Great Britain has not such varied life. India knows nothing of Canada's many resources. The level fields of Egypt brought forth millions of slaves who built ugly pyramids and huge, uncouth stone gods. Sea-girt Greece, with her mountain-loving people, did not imitate, and yet in five hundred years the Greek surpassed the Egyptian thought of three thousand years, and created art. We in Canada have the possibilities of Athens. Why should we imitate? Can we not stand alone? Bret Harte has not one throb of Hood, or Swift, or anything British. Has the Assiniboine rolled its flood through the gopher-hills and across the crocus-covered plains of the west for naught? Why did it burst its bonds in 1882 and chafe with its icy jaws the Winnipeg bridge, like the onrush of millions of hungry wolves? What are the great pines whispering? Are our lakes calm retreats for Southeys and Wordsworths, or have they depths not to be

reached? I see a man build his country house and he tries to make his grounds look like Bushy Park, near London, or he clips his trees like a Versailles hedge. Pest upon such flattery of the old world! English violets are coarse compared with Canadian twin-flowers and the silken arms of our soft, white birches branch like moon-rays against the mournful blackness of the Eastern cypress.

What we are, let us be. Let us wait until our gift comes. If we are traders, or carpenters, let us trade fair and build fair. There is a nobility in both, perhaps more in the builder than in the trader. If we are lawmakers, let us learn the right and be that right to those who watch us for guidance. If we write books, let us write them out of our experiences, worked out with all the enthusiasm of love to help someone, somewhere, somehow. Let us speak the thing we feel, speak it kindly, fearlessly, honestly. "Let every action tend to some point and be perfect in its kind," said the philosophic emperor of the second century. Never mind what the British, or the French, or the Germans think. Theirs are old world standards,

the result of robber knights, crusades and persecutions. We have our own life. Let us live it and act up to our best conceptions of it. I like that line of Chas. G. D. Roberts', where he speaks of the bobolink. It is not imitative, it is Canadian. His story, "They do not seek their meat from God," is purely Canadian. We clasp four thousand miles in an iron girdle, and all that Stevenson saw on the Pacific sands and that Bryan W. Proctor (dear to us under the name of Barry Cornwall) sang about in his "Stormy Petrel," and in his other wild sea chants;—all this dashes impetuously against our two coasts, and yet we imitate. Hawthorne gave his own, and when will our wise and gifted ones break their cocoons and appear? Let our writers aim to tell us of Canadian life and Nature in Quebec, in the North-West, in Nova Scotia. Thousands of French still live near Yarmouth and Digby, and many are the quaint legends waiting the pen of the searcher. Except for Hannay, Canada has almost nothing of La Tour who sailed the waters of the Bay of Fundy early in the 17th century, and we patiently read Parkman's history as he ridicules La Tour's wife,

that courageous lady of Fort St. John. Let us believe in our future, for the young nation is stirring to manhood, and it needs aid now from those whom it has educated and set in high places.

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Two friends who have been married over twenty years told me once that their happiest days were the ten years of married life in the country. The broad bay in front of their farm, the sheltered cove and sand-bar, with its plaintive sand-piper, the wooded bluff on the distant island, the shining waters ever pressing down to the great sea; all these were with them for years, but they knew not the marvels of these every-day visions, these unheralded "lords of life," until they moved to the distant city. Then the "vision splendid" of ten years came upon them. All those years, the influence of shore and sky, river and hill, had been on them, and, pressing into their daily lives, these works of God had stolen into the secret places of their affections, making them nobler and better able to meet future conditions.

"Then full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t'his country earth he cleft,
Kist it and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there."

Thus Homer tells us was the joy of Ulysses, a wanderer for years, when he saw again the shores and groves of the small island of Ithaca. Are we to have the "obscene empire of Mammon," or will Nature lay her fingers on our pulse and admonish? We draw our deepest inspirations from Nature. Like the mother who gave us the first childhood, so do we find our soul's nourishment in Mother Nature's breast. This is beyond education and surpasses all art. We travel far to study the Venus de Milo in the Louvre, the temple of Karnac on the Nile, or the Mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo, and forget the temples and mosques nearer home that are not raised by human hands. Can we not love them as the Greek did his acanthus, the Persian his rose, or the Egyptian his lotus flower?

Every sunset gives us a pattern for stained glass windows. Why go to Munich to learn the art? Gothic aisles are to be seen in every Ontario or New Brunswick forest.

The feet of the stately columns are girt with green clusters, variegated by the striped oxalis, and pink, sweet twin-flower. Pediment, base, shaft and capital support these living arches. We pass them by whether they crown the red cliffs of St. Anne at Roc Percè, Quebec, or darken the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

The truly rich mind does not live in the counting-room, or in the manager's office. These have their uses, as purveyors of food and clothes. The men who daily front the facts of business life do perhaps the best they can in their selfish, competitive occupations. But they work in the shadow of another's lack. They fatten on lost opportunities. Life is not all action. Success is not all bank account and position. "The truly rich lie in the Sun" and imbibe Nature.

Utility, esthetics; useful, artistic; practical, ideal; the first word of each pair sounds the note that is too dominant in twentieth century life. Is the immense rock-front of Douglas Mountain only a quarry for future railway culverts, or shall it still stand like an old fortress against the south-west wind which has beaten on its

perpendicular face for thousands of years? Can it not remind me of Luther's hymn, and may it not gradually influence to stronger character those who dwell in the steep-roofed houses at the base? Was not the sea more to the Viking than just a means of transportation, and should not our hills and forests be more than deals and building-stones? Action is not all, utility is not the highest. The practical person may win the senatorial seat, but he knows well at what cost. If we speak with absolute truth, we admit that nothing compensates for loss of self-reverence. We read the New Testament and say we believe in Immortality, still we consider not the lilies. How few see the marvellous beauty of the blue flag, spreading its banners so profusely near every lake or marsh. St. Anthony's Falls at Minneapolis drives a dozen mills. The white lace-folds of the Minnehaha Falls have dwindled to a mere curtain, and even the thunderings of Niagara are attacked. Everywhere the beauty of Nature and the esthetic tastes of men are being dominated by the material aspirations of the age. Canadians look across the border and

see only Goulds and Morgans. The really great souls are not in evidence. No one fills the place of Holmes to cry:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll:
Leave thy low-vaulted past:
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

There is no one who sings of the drift-wood fire, or of the sea-tangle as Longfellow did fifty years ago:

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart,
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart."

No Bryant, no Whittier, no Thoreau, no Emerson. Are the Americans fools that they give up the pure and refined gold for shoddies in oil, coal and railways? Are they mad in their arrogance not to know that it is the thinker and the poet that make the true nation? Wealth never made the

Chinese great, nor were the Persian millions able to conquer the Greeks, who sang:

> Strike,—till the last armed foe expires :
> Strike,—for your altars and your fires :
> Strike,—for the green graves of your sires
> God, and your native land."

Is Canada to follow after the United States? Is the red granite good only for monuments? Who has seen the waterfall at Welsford, N.B., a quarter mile south of the railroad? Beauty waits there, and we know it not. There the velvet black of lichens mottles the gray boulders. The creamy curds of the rapids circle and form into miniature bastions. Identical with the great forces that whirl through the blue spaces above, are these centripetal forces of the torrent, ever forming into tiny hills the millions of bubbles. Fanciful shapes like puddings with ravines of white frosting, such as a housewife would take pride in, are formed by these ceaseless eddies. The dykes of red and white granite which form the gorge are softened by the spray-damped green of thick mosses. Who knows of the weird waterfall and pool at Belleisle, where stalactites of

green and silver mosses cluster on the overhanging cliff? Pendent, like inverted cones, the oozing drops keep them ever green, and in the slanting sunlight they show silver and ruby and emerald. Ferns, unknown to southern lands, drape with delicate curves the shadowed crevices of the cliffs, which rise fifty feet to where the plunging waters tear up the surface of the amber pool. Down through the narrow glen the stream hurries to lose itself at last in the broad Belleisle above Long Point. We pass all this by, and wait for some tourist to point out the beauty that lies so near our city. Or we wander to Matanzas, Cuba, and follow with a lighted torch the negro guide into the stalactite cave, where everything is barred and guarded in fear of the peculant tourist.

John of Patmos knew about Etna and no doubt saw the smoke and fire of its awful throes, and the Book of Revelation was created. We have the hills, and the wreaths of clouds, but we wait the advent of the Patmos divine. It is men and minds that are wanting, not material and matter. Horace, in all the snow-laden boughs that

covered Mount Soracte, saw only the same trees and the same earth that we have in the forests of Quebec, or the slopes of the Rockies. But to-day the Canadian student lingers over Horace's Soracte, and forgets the voluminous voice of the Columbia pine, or the crow's nest among the eastern firs.

Read the words again and weigh them. Utility, esthetics; practical, ideal. What would the shipbuilding, coarse, flesh-eating, almost savage Anglo-Saxon of the fourth and fifth century have been if the influence of Italy and St. Benedict had not taught him the ideal? What would the awakened conscience of Britain have done if the renaissance of Greek literature had not taught her in the sixteenth century? By these influences, Britain at last emerged and became a nation.

Canada, likewise, must know and love her own, must feel the inspiration of hills and rivers, and draw from them those splendid ideals, by which, passionately reverent, the Canadian character will become permanent, fixed and strong.

No more shall we be the point of half-scorn for Emerson speaking of us as the

"Canadian in his wagon," or for the French courtier to refer to Canada as the inhospitable regions of ice and snow. The crushed millions of Europe are turning glances at this fair country as they hear of our wonderful harvests, our shores and lakes teeming with fish, and forests abounding in game. Let us make it a country of which we can be truly proud, and let us not forget that truth, knowledge and reverence must dwell as much in the character of a nation as they do in a man.

Simplicity and Greatness

"O cup of the wild-rose, curved close to hold odorous dew,
What thought do you hide in your heart? I would that I knew!
O beautiful Iris, unfurling your purple and gold,
What victory fling you abroad in the flags you unfold!

"Sweet may your thought be, red rose; but still sweeter is mine,
Close in my heart hidden, clear as your dewdrop divine.
Flutter your gonfalons, Iris,—the pæan I sing
Is for victory better than joy or than beauty can bring.

'Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look and rejoice;
Prayerful, I add my one note to the Infinite voice:
As shining and singing and sparkling glides on the glad day,
And eastward the swift-rolling planet wheels into the gray."

—*Celia Thaxter.*

"Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs,—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart."

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS.

I WOULD like to talk with the simple minds, those who love flowers, children, dogs; those who are not always discussing trade, politics, war and religion; those people who can lean on a rail fence and delight in watching the wind toss up the shining white daisies. Simple folk have gathered daisies and poppies, white and scarlet, among the slain columns that gleam on Athenian hillsides, and have seen peace and happiness in their beauty. We are hedged around by this "What's new," and like jackdaws chattering over the burial of monkish relics, we grow voluble on the threadbare question of money. Forgetting our manners, unlike the true gentleman of the sixteenth century, we lose our day by dredging through the clay and mire of trade. Beauty lies everywhere, waiting, either in December or June, but our eyes look over its curving lines and see only the ambitious goal of our preten-

sions. "What's new?" we say, forgetting to turn back and ask Solomon's opinion. It is this insatiate desire for newness that stamps and deforms literature and the drama. A simple, sensitive, holy man was once troubled with a great doubt. He went quietly to a lonely place and there solved the riddle. It lay between a Cross and a Crown. He took the former and the world to-day reverences the simple life of that great teacher. "A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going," said Oliver Cromwell. When the simple, patient Christ stood before Pilate, He had no conception that His acts and His sayings were to be the guides of Europe, America and part of Asia. Neither did any Gentile, Greek, or Roman, in those days of the first century, think that any one of the many crucifixions would be a witness for all ages. It was not Cardinal Wolsey, the favored of the Pope, the rich and powerful dignitary of England, whom the people loved. Even John Skelton, the satirical poet and dramatist, stood nearer the universal heart than did the Cardinal. Wordsworth, who, in his quiet and simple lake and mountain-life,

watched the golden daffodils on the margin of the mountain lake, will be remembered when Kipling and Austin are laid away as useless rubbish. Like the peacock, we have a thousand eyes for our own plumage, and strut and stare with impudent conceit. Homer told us in his Odyssey that "The gods can raise and throw men down with ease." We forget this and think that beauty, friendship, strength and kindred are ours to hold. In the religious play, "Everyman," written in the fifteenth century, God calls on Death to warn "Everyman" that he must make up his accounts and take a long journey. He asks Good Fellowship and Kindred to accompany him, but they refuse when they learn the nature of the journey. Beauty and Strength stay with him until he sees his grave. "Everyman" then says:

> "For into this cave must I crepe,
> And turn to Erthe, and there to slepe."

Beauty, horrified and crying out, "And must I smoder there," leaves him at once. Strength also bids him farewell, and even his Five Wits depart. The only friend who

stayed by "Everyman," so says this old play of the days before Luther, was Good Deeds. In those simple times those simple folk listened to such plays as this and learned rightly the lesson, that it is not the thought, or the strength, that makes us sure of ascending the great stairway. Far and above the power of intellect stood the power of Good Deeds. It is the old story told then, told nineteen centuries ago, and again re-told now, that the simple life is the beautiful life. What has Herbert Spencer done with all his volumes? This writer, with his erudition and work, has only told over in longer speech the theory of Auguste Comte. What a waste, an utter waste of time and opportunity! How is it possible for a man to reach the mind of God? Homer, with his stylus of twenty-eight hundred years ago, reproves our prurient volume-makers when he says:

> "Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
> And should not press into the mind of God."

The world may be small compared to the universe, but man is small compared to the globe he lives on. Each of us is only one

in the thirteen hundred millions of earth's denizens. We look at the ebbing tide and fail to know its secret; we see the flashing points of light spread into rosy curtains along the western sky, and know not whether it be the glint of the frost giants' shields, or the drapery of the God Woden. We wonder at the fireflies, like pale-green brilliants, darting to the tree-tops on a July night and know not whence comes the flashing light. We only know that He "who covereth himself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain," that He alone has made all these things and knows and understands them.

By the fruits of our love for the thirteen hundred millions are we known. That, and that alone, is the great test. We are but gropers in a long, dark cavern, whose extreme end shows a little light. It is joyful to know that even in the darkest hour this light never fails. It is a sign of the future certainty, not proven by dogma, creed or book, but testified to by our own natures in our plainer and simpler moments.

The simple lives of Jesus and Paul are told to us from pulpits all over the land:

"Then shall also the Son be subject unto Him to put all things under Him." We repeat the saying and make it a foundation of brotherhood. I like to think of St. Dominic trying by his faith and life to reform and bring the straying ones into the fold. The simple life of St. Francis Assisi is often before me. These were simple men, good men who saw the wickedness that had crept into church and people. The blameless and gentle spirit of St. Francis lived to see the people all over Britain and France gladly listening to the purity, chastity and obedience preached by him and his followers. One could not call out then, "In Christendom where is the Christian?" That "Orator of Christendom," "that mellifluous Doctor," St. Bernard, who preached the Crusades, may have been more like Paul; St. Dominic, burning with zeal, may have seemed a second Peter, but the gentle Italian, St. Francis, was simple, quiet, resolved, like Jesus. These Franciscan Brothers became, in the thirteenth century, the teachers of the Anglo-Saxon nation. In their coarse gray or brown tunics, with cord around the waist, these simple friars, poor as the poorest in

Britain, soon won the hearts of their hearers. The illiterate Saxon people, influenced by means of the pictures and the words of the religious drama instituted by the Monks, grasped with a deep and abiding reverence the meaning of the Bible stories. Thus a simple people by the teaching of those devoted monks, were able at last in the sixteenth century to draw from their own hills, valleys and shores, an inspiration that burst into unparalleled glory in William Shakespeare and John Milton. We read in Hume, the historian, that the Roman Pontiff had sinister political reasons for establishing the crusades in the eleventh century, and for sending the monks to Britain in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but whether that be true or false, we know enough to admit the just tribute due to the simple life and devotion of those monks and their followers, who, in the thirteenth century, stirred the conscience of the sleeping Anglo-Saxon nation.

We, Canadians, who are of the Anglo-Saxon, owe much to the simple life of that particular period. We do not need the Miracle Play to stir our consciences. We

have printing and all the arts. Are we to lose the art of thinking about flowers, children and the dumb animals? Will this strife in trade, politics, war and creeds drive out the simple beauty of life, of nature? If so, let us hark back to Grosseteste, St. Bernard, St. Dominic, and St. Francis; let us be poised in our belief in the things unseen; let us be our own in the love that we have for our own hills, valleys and shores; let us be content and glad to see the gay dance of the daisies, the simple trust of the children, the dumb gratitude of animals! Then, if we look at Holbein's pictures and see the grinning skeleton at "Everyman's" side, we may find a joyful Good Deed somewhere near making a weighty compensation.

. . . . . .

"The reverence for the deeds of our ancestors is a treacherous sentiment," says Emerson. It bears that pitfall into which we, walking with eyes looking back at the past, stumble and lose ourselves. Those forefathers honored the present. It was consciousness of the present that made them the heroes, sages and leaders whom we re-

verence. The stone-lion which to-day is seen in the narrow plain near the pass of Thermopylæ was not created in memory of the man who thought of his father's or grandfather's act. No, it was in memory of the man who seized that moment in which to retard and delay the vast army of Persia.

It is the ability to front the growing Present, the "Dare to do all that may become a man"—'tis this that wins the approval of God and the admiration of our fellows. Truly must we say, "Behold I have lived an hour," not "An hour of my life has gone." And this leads me to say: How far from close is our relationship with each other! We meet and talk, we take long walks and talk. Rarely do the influences of that day or hour so overcome us that we show ourselves. Walls are set up between us even as we begin to speak on the higher questions. As we converse, thin and impalpable curtains rise. Can we not abandon ourselves more to that moment, that hour, and receive its compensation? We do not know at what moment the fairy godmother may stand before us and all that which was clouded and sombre may become refulgent. A people

without sentiment is a people without principle. Sentiment is our appreciation of what we perceive by eye, ear and mind. As we love what we see, hear and understand, so will be our appreciation of sentiment. All the struggling tides of human life, bees, birds, flowers, hills, rivers, all these manifestations of life—if we are stolid and have no appreciation, love or pity for these, then truly are we of the earth earthy, and the divine breath has in some way not touched us. Let us keep this sentiment, this love and sympathy for all Nature. Let us button up our coat, think less of ourselves and more of the next man we meet. If you be troubled, seek the antidote of the shore or woods. There absolve yourself to yourself. Every man knows what he is. In the most secret places the motive for all acts is weighed and known. Yield, then, to the Monitor, and spend that hour and day with your own thought.

It was only last summer, in August, the shore sent me its invitation—I had to go. How the soul becomes relieved and gay when you have yielded to these calls! Are they monitions of the Unseen? Are they the thoughts of the dead friends who thus at rare

times stir you to take such rest? I know not, but those are the days we record in the history of our lives. If only we could forget the wretched days when we have blundered, or over-reached, or passed by on the other side! But memory, when she unlocks with her golden key those green avenues of the past, makes the contrast sharp and vivid.

The universal cry is discontent. The shop-boy becomes the salesman, the merchant, the wealthy capitalist, and is not content. The ditch-digger becomes a mason, a contractor, and finally a landed proprietor, and is not content. The Mudjik in Tolstoi's novel wants all the land he can compass in one day's journey, and gets six feet of land as he dies at the goal. It is the simple life that is the great life. The Tyrolese innkeeper, Andreas Hofer, was greater than Napoleon, for every tendril of his heart was torn by the hurts to his beloved Tyrol. Every stone-covered cabin loved the Tyrolese hero, as *he* loved the crags and peaks of Adlerberg and the wild Tyrol. But Napoleon,—he was a general, the victorious general, whom the French feared and followed. It was not the man, it was the leader

distributing Italian spoils whom the French followed. His insatiate ambition was hidden by France's success, and the people, blind, did not see the iron heel they were forging.

Come, let us reason together, and admit that it is the simple life that stands nearest to God. Alexander, Cæsar, Anthony, Richard the First, Edward the Black Prince, Hannibal, Scipio, Napoleon, Wellington, all these warriors were but the timber that the great convulsions lifted for a while to the surface. They were the outcome of events, and only here and there slightly assisted the moulding of Europe. But the simple life, the truly great life, is the goal longed for by the thinkers.

It is not that one has to go and stand beneath the columns of the Parthenon at Athens, and watch the sun lighting up the dun-brown-gold of their marbles, nor do we have to travel to the storied Rhine, nor to the dark-rushing waters of the Danube. Wordsworth was right. His daffodils, common to all, beautiful in their yellow freshness, dancing along the margin of the lake, made him call out:

> "And all my heart with rapture thrills
> And dances with the daffodils."

When sitting on the high hill opposite Indiantown, near St. John, watching the woodboats spread their great wings and sail up the narrow channel to Grand Bay, I have often thought what the woodboat man and his boy-help were capable of. As they slip through the deep waters of the Narrows and then spread the sails, to cross the broader bay, it may be that an Andreas Hofer, or an Arnold Winkelried, is standing at the tiller.

At St. John, just within the circuit of five or ten miles, we have as much as Wordsworth or Burns had. Even more have we than Emerson. Yet from his Concord home, from the narrow river that flowed near his house, from the woods that covered the hills just beyond, he drew the inspiration which we find in "Works and Days." His message is clear. It says: "There are days when the great are near us, when there is no frown on the brow, no condescension even, when they take us by the hand and we share their thought." We cannot take the wings of the morning and go to Egyptian lands and look down upon the Nile from the

top of Gizeh's pyramid. Nor can we climb the dome of St. Peter's and see the procession of centuries. Still, it is all of the one stuff. We find on the pyramid or on St. Peter's dome the same Trinity—God, Man, Nature. Walk to Rockwood Park, climb the hill at the north-eastern end of the lake, and there, below, and above, and around, we find the same three—God, Man and Nature. There come also the disciples, Christ, Plato, Socrates, Wycliffe, Savonarola—the host of those who have been tried. Your own city, your home, lies before you. It may be that you have the pride of Balboa; or that you can cry out in pity with Christ, or in sorrow, like the exiled Pope Hildebrand, or perhaps you will see nothing but houses, and little human animals running to and fro.

If the latter, take Emerson's "Works and Days" with you. Read it all, word for word. The little animals will become living souls, rays of a great light—the light of Asia, of Europe, of the world. Then the faces of the disciples pass in procession before you. They are no longer "veiled and muffled." We see their faces and we possess that moment, that hour, that day. Then

when we are truly rich we see into ourselves, and know what we are. This is the work, to see and acknowledge what we see. "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power," says Tennyson. He saw the red hand, the ravenous tooth and claw of Nature. His "In Memoriam" carries too much sorrow, not alleviated enough by that later poem, where he says:

> "Sunset and evening Star
> And one clear call for me,
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea."

Nature makes us reliant. She is the true diviner, that touches with a flaming rod the golden soul of our treasury, and lo, a new man, and a new birth. At Mount Royal, at Cape Smoky in Cape Breton, N.S., at Mount McKay near Fort William, Ont., the clouds open and stairways appear. These do not slope upward—they go all the way, and you are with those who are going. Never mind if the next day the clouds are sealed tight, the earth flat, the flowers listless and the sea gives no invitations. Never mind, it will come again, and in those higher

moments we recognize the deep inquiry of the soul. Then we have been rich and have realized that there is a kinship between man and God, incontestable, not from evidence, but from the feeling of the spirit, which is truth and law.

"The days are made on a loom, whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web. 'Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor—a matter of coins, coats and carpets, a little more or less stone, or wood, or paint, the fashion of a cloak or hat; like the luck of naked Indians, of whom one is proud in the possession of a glass bead or a red feather, and the rest miserable in the want of it. But the treasures which Nature spent itself to amass—the secular, refined, composite anatomy of man—which all strata go to form, which the prior races, from infusory and saurian, existed to ripen; the surrounding plastic natures; the earth with its foods; the intellectual, temperamenting air; the sea with its invitations; the heaven deep with worlds; and the answering brain and nervous structure replying to these; the eye that

looketh into the deeps, which again look back to the eye—abyss to abyss—these, not like a glass bead, or the coins or carpets, are given immeasurably to all. This miracle is hurled into every beggar's hands."

Truly is "this miracle hurled into every beggar's hands." This miracle we have at our door. Each one can recall some one day—near the old well on the farm—in the garret on a rainy day—at Hampton in October—up the Belleisle on a June morning. We had no conception then how beautiful was that day, and in those days there are sacred moments that we now recall. Truth, like a star, flashed out its radiance. Such days are coming next week, next year, when the soul will look inward and be poised and calm. Is the simple life worth living? Those days that we have had and will have are proof of life's worth.

The Cry of Labor

"'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our hearts, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!
And all day the iron wheels are droning:
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning).
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE CRY OF LABOR.

THE scientific world is seeking to know whether the biped, man, came from an egg or an oyster, whether he is a matured descendant of those long-tailed apes who used to make living bridges of their bodies to cross African ravines, or whether man has gradually evolved from those onion or cabbage beds which the great-grandfather of the oldest Pharaoh planted before the Gizeh pyramids were built. The people, however, care little about these scientific debates, for they never have seen in trilobite or oyster, man or monkey, this gradual change of species. Believing in the faith of Christ, of Paul, of Alfred, of St. Gregory, of St. Francis, of Luther, the people cry out: "Away with vain speculations and useless jargon, that fritter the mind and wear out its nobler elements." Adam, with the sweat upon his brow, leans on his spade; Eve, at the spindle, watches her weary fingers. From

the cities, from the farms, the workers look, hoping, wondering, asking, "Will we always be thus? Is this the outcome of the law taught by Christ on the Mount?" Such is the cry of the human, the voice of labor, aye, more than that, it is now the demand of the worker. Civilization, which came in with Adam, Abraham, and the Pharaohs, will either go out in the west, or the law of love will be more truly understood. A clean, healthy, good social life, based on spiritual and physical needs, is that for which the people long. Shall they have it, or will we have to endure a Battle of Armageddon, out of which will rise a gloating giant, to glut his hunger on king, nobles, priests, professors and traders? We try to see the evolution of the man from the protoplasmic cell projected somehow, somewhere, as science so indefinitely states; but we are stone-blind to the forces that are changing social life ever since the day that Socrates expressed his belief in the one God, and drank the death-giving hemlock rather than recant. The rule of king and noble is gone. Great Britain's King reads his speech at the opening of Parliament, but he speaks

the wish of the Cabinet. The German's "mailed fist" has to submit to the popular vote. In Spain and Austria the throne does not rule. Rude and savage as Cromwell may have been at Drogheda, yet at his entrance into politics the authority of the noble fell. The day of wrenching gold from the trembling trader, and of grinding the laborer under the heel of the cavalier, went out on Cromwell's arrival. The fertile brain of man strove with Nature and made it possible for trade to be the real monarch as it has now been since the colonizing period of the 17th century. But trade, like its predecessors, is become tyrannical and grasps for all. As the king and noble dealt with the trader in the past, so now do trade and capital deal with the laborer. To-day the workers can read and write; they see the downfall of king and noble, they foresee the downfall of the combinations of capital, and why should they not hope to see the rise of labor? There are two conditions which tend, more than all else, to promote vice in a state:

1st. The getting of great wealth by one person usually renders that person cruel, con-

ceited, sordid and crafty. The luxury of his life entails weakness of mind and body down through after generations.

2nd. The becoming very poor and living just on the bare necessities of existence shuts a person from all ordinary social comforts and produces the drunkard and the thief, causes brutal murders and renders the person indifferent to his citizenship and continually presses him down to the level of the ox and the wolf.

The new cry of humanity, the new gospel, is to remove these two extremes. To divide wealth equally is not the new faith; to take away the natural ambition that craves a home and simple comforts, that is not the new gospel. No, the cry is that labor which produces all, must be the owner of a large portion of that which it produces, that all law must tend to make it very difficult, in fact impossible for the citizen to amass millions. The fewer men there are who have absorbed the millions of dollars' worth of coal, iron, oil, cattle, lumber, and grain, the more of those millions will be left to filter through to those who represent the other extreme.

The old tyranny of theology that feared the thunder, the falling star and the swelling tide, is swept away and we have the new law of evolution which supposes a dignity and a power in creation that was unknown to Greeks and Romans. Likewise the tyranny of the feudal period is swept away, and the laborer stands at the portal of the 20th century knocking. His knotted, seamed fingers grasp his instruments of work, the product of centuries. He hears the words of the Magna Charta repeated, he listens to the sonorous sentences in the Declaration of Independence and he remembers the liberty phrases of the French Republic. All through the 19th century he watched the vast increase of wealth gained by his arm and his skill, and now he stands at the gate of the 20th century crying, "How long, O Christ, shall we wait for thy law to be understood?"

In the East, a Prince in peasant's garb holds up the lamp to show the dignity of toil. In the West the shadows lengthen and clouds are seen.

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Lady Clara Vere de Vere and her kin are

proud to trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror and his rapacious soldiers, forgetting that the Saxon nationality of the eleventh century absorbed the Norman influx so that it was barely recognizable in the thirteenth century. It was the Saxon villeins and thegns of the Middle Ages who obtained the Great Charter at Runnymede. The De Veres forgot the Saxon in the pride of the Norman. Others of a later period demand a deference because they descended from a "minion of Henry the Eighth." The nobility of labor has a deeper root, for it goes back to Homer and Isaiah. The titled gentry of Britain place their Rubicon at 1066. The man who strikes the blow to clinch the boiler-rivets, swings with rhythmic grace the heavy hammer, making the sparks fly from the glowing axe-head, smooths the dark earth to the exact shape so that the metal can run freely and resolve itself from a rubbish heap into a symmetrical wheel, measures with his plumb-line, and squares the timber with his rule; this man should know that the carpenter and the iron-worker were the favored themes of the Greek Homer and the Jew Isaiah. The

great princes and prophets knew the value of labor and praised the worth of work. Every sail that is filled by the north wind, pressing the huge merchantman across the Atlantic, had its type in the craft in which Paul voyaged from Ephesus to Corinth, and in those more ancient Phœnician ships which ventured to the South of England.

Every carpenter who drives the tree-nails through timbers and planking, should know of the great fleet sent in Nebuchadnezzar's time, by Necho of Egypt, and which took three years in the seventh century before Christ to voyage around Africa. The axes gleamed and at last down fell the bridge that crossed the swollen Tiber, thus preventing the capture of Rome, but before that time the huge trees of Mounts Hymettus and Parnes had yielded to the axe, and the Greek builder of ships made Salamis possible and Xerxes a fugitive.

Pyramids in Egypt, temples in Greece, the Coliseum in Rome, the Giralda Tower in Seville, churches in Europe, ocean steamers, railroads and canals everywhere, testify to labor, to the hand-worker with the trained eye guided by the intelligent mind. The

handiwork of God is told in the hundred and fourth Psalm, written in the eleventh century before Christ; the handiwork of man is told by Homer and by the Bible writers. The art of the sculptor was practised by Socrates; Paul made tents, Peter and James were fishermen, Christ used the plumbline and fore-plane. The fabrics woven by poor Frisian maidens were the gifts made by Charlemagne to Haroun Al Raschid. The Netherlands in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries became the greatest ship-owning and most civilized nation in the world, for it recognized the high place that belonged to work. Why is it that since the darkness of the Middle Ages was followed by the new birth of learning and thought, which gave us the Elizabethan school, and the later development of industries and science, why is it that labor is so scorned? And why do we so pursue the phantom wealth?

The people of Leyden, in 1574, were offered their choice by William of Orange, to be freed of all taxation or to be given a great university. Leyden accepted the university. Which would Toronto want, or

New York choose? Perhaps the scorn and contumely are right and the workers get only what they deserve. Yet, we have had two things since many years which should have taught us to be prudent, calm, and determined—free schools and the ballot. Still a senatorship or a judgeship convinces the lawyer or merchant that free trade is wrong. Can we then blame the worker that for five dollars he changes his politics? The last century is not far ahead of the Middle Ages and Christianity has found in the bribes offered by capitalism a worse enemy than Mahomet. The Turk is a tame despot compared to the millionaire. It is not the "Sick man of Turkey," but the rich man of Wall Street, that is preparing for war. The preacher has said that there is "No new thing under the sun." Perhaps my voice will be like to the "crackling of thorns under a pot." The time of silence, however, is gone, the hour of speech is come. The preacher, even though he were Solomon, was wrong. The last century gave us lightning in chains, the ocean tamed, and the very ether was made to whisper our thoughts.

This new century may give us what Sol-

omon, David and Paul dreamed not of, a government where love will be the guiding law and where labor will have its reward. Lycurgus and Plato both had their republics where the particular good had to give way for the general good. Is it not time to preach this new thought, this new government? Fourier, Bentham, and the later thinkers have heralded it, but only from the economic standpoint. Now it is demanded for the education of the soul. We are not sons of God, but rather sons of Satan, if we allow the present system of capitalism to continue. What are we, animals fighting for meat, or are we rays from the great Essence, put here in these vestments to work out of this life into the new life? Are we honest in our belief in a future life of æons after this little span of fifty or eighty years? Of what performance were the merchants who traded from Tyre to Cornwall, or afterwards to Venice, and later to Antwerp and Liverpool? There, in that free Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, poverty was not known, and the hand-worker toiled and had his comforts. These men were composed of that mixture of earth and fire which gave sturdy bodies

and heroic souls. They helped to lay the foundation of a splendid Christianity in Europe, but to-day Christianity in America looks on and by silence aids in precipitating the awful battle on the hundred mile square of Vigrid, as told in the Norse mythology.

Labor that has been the pride of the prophets, seers, poets, and thinkers in the past! Labor which stands behind all art and which is man with his hands and feet! Labor which, in moderation, makes the breath sweet, the mind pure, the heart glad, and the soul religious, but which, if excessive, is man's curse and bane; this labor of which Ecclesiastes says, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much, but the abundance of the rich man will not suffer him to sleep"—this labor is despised and scorned by those very persons who have had the skill(?) to appropriate seven-eighths of labor's product.

The war is now begun between the Jotunheim giants of the nineteenth century, wrapped in their wrongly-acquired millions, and the new Mars of the twentieth century. He, the maker of chisel, axe, spade, plough, engine, net, railway and boat, stands at

the opening of the twentieth century and cries, "We are sons of God and shall have room to live and breathe in this fair world." "Churches everywhere, clanging out your iron bells, speak for us. Christians praying at night, speak for us." What will the twentieth century reply to this new thought of this awakened man?

Nature and Character

"Bring Orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

"Now fades the last long streak of snow;
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

"I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest,—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea."

—*Barry Cornwall.*

NATURE AND CHARACTER.

It is plain living and plain speech that fit best as an armor for the life contest. So in conversation the simple thoughts, spoken simply, rush to their centre. The groaning tables and luxurious villas of Lucullus are not those things by which a nation grows. It is the Cimons and the Epaminondas whom we should emulate. Every soul needs its rest. Each has its plane and orbit. There are no double souls, even as there are no double stars. The constancy of one and the fortitude of another may seem like the red and green of double stars, but each has its orbit, although they may work in harmony. All souls need rest. Every time they enter into the forest's secret, or the sea's mystery, they become stronger. The Herculean grip of this world's necessity is on them. They struggle. Every time they return from forest or shore, they rise refreshed by the contact with earth. When society deprives us of love for mountain-lake and sandy

beaches then the soul is easily conquered, and we yield to the grip of the Hercules. Not until the Greek hero lifted Antæus clear off his Mother Earth was he able to conquer him. This lesson is written on every society, Persian, Egyptian, Christian.

Nationalism is deeper rooted than the mountains. Its basis is the divine. What a strong love we have for

> "The house where I was born,
> The little window where the sun
> Came peeping in at morn."

Our nationalism is measured by our love for home, wife, children, sister, brother, father, mother. The roots of nationalism are found in the Swiss hut. It lies under the stone-pressed roof of the Tyrolese goat-herd. It breathes in the call of the shepherd on Italian hills and Scottish pastures. The energy of the thick-fleeced dog that rounds up the scattering sheep for a son of Ross in South Scotland, or a son of Jesse in Judea, is but a fine fibre of the root that makes a Scot or a Jew. Show me the man who has no kind and lasting love for his home, village, city and district, and you see atheist,

traitor and Satan. Yes, even worse than Satan, for Milton makes Satan admit that

> "God deserves no such return from me
> Whom He created what I was."

Some memory of the home-life, the shining river, the busy life of the day's work—the two holidays in the year—somewhat of these stirs the recollection. Memory broods—the old well of love bursts out and the homeless man in Africa or America bows his head upon his knees and longs for one day of the old time.

When people become so encrusted by civilization as to lose that memory, then will the nation die, then Hercules has gripped it around the waist and, struggling in the air, it will die.

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The federation of the world is a vain dream. The spanish gypsy will never see in the mists trailing down Mt. Blanc the same beauty that Mt. Parapanda shows when its head is capped and warns the people of Granada that it will rain whether God wishes it or not.

"Cuando Parapanda se pone la mantera
Llueve aunque Dios no quiera."

The herdsman on the Hungarian plain, amid the vast breathing of the dark Danube, looks at the stars shining over the Carpathian Hills. The rancher in Western Canada, at the foot of the Rockies, hears the hundreds of cattle feeding, and silent, he notes how the starry chariot wheels towards the horizon. Light, air, sky, cloud, the sea, the woods, the chirrup of crickets, chatter of sparrows, and the piping of frogs, all these have a subtle influence that we do not realize until the day be gone and then we cherish its memory.

The Dutch dyke-makers strove with Nature, fought the imperious waves inch by inch. At last, from vast morasses and sanded acres, they evolved a country and a nation that was able to resist and finally defeat the most powerful nation of Europe. From their water-soaked stretches, where no timber grew, sprang thousands of ships, and we see the Czar of Russia learning his craft in an Amsterdam shipyard. Where marble palaces rise out of the sea, and where through the noiseless streets glide the

ominous-looking gondolas, there once were hundreds of small islands. Man strove again with Nature, and from the very sea itself rose his handiwork, Venice. Evolved by this struggle with Nature, a race of men came to light, sturdy enough to produce a Dandolo, the Conqueror of Constantinople in 1204, and powerful enough, at a later date, to keep back the Turks from owning the Western Mediterranean. At last, in the zenith of their power, lovers of form and color, they seized the very best of the Renaissance period and produced Titian and Veronese. In both Holland and Venice the sea and its life had taught those fishermen Nature's first-hand secrets, out of which came these two splendid nationalities.

Are we Canadians much beyond the first stage of national life? We have high schools in Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, but does this education educate? Do we touch the deep springs when we chant "Rari nantes in gurgite vasto"? Does the spondee or the dactyl drive out the awful majesty of the great sea? Nature teaches and her moods and tenses are often the finest grammar. Was it Latin, Greek, or geometry that taught

Holman Hunt to picture the Shadow of the Cross? The natural rest-movement is to stretch out the arms after a day's hard work. He makes Jesus, the young carpenter, do this, and on the floor of the work-shop, across the shavings, lies the shadow making the cross. The men of the Middle Ages saw in the solemn trunks and interlacing branches, in the flashing colors 'twixt the foliage and through the moss-covered boughs, a type for a stately column, a springing arch and stained-glass windows. Thus also the true painter, poet and musician, the true man, these go back beyond the rule of school, craft, or law, and in communion with Nature they get close to the abiding principles in all art and all philosophy. A curse came with the civilization of the Roman. He was refined in cruelty and lust. There are many of us like Petronius, given the chance—but how few there are of Epictetus make, or who dare touch the purple of Marcus Aurelius. Do we know too much of angles and spondees, metre and metaphor? Have we learned too much and travelled too far? We are fighting, quarrelsome, hurrying ants, struggling to climb Gibraltars or

Himalayas. We stand on Sunium's cliff, whence the old king leapt to his death on beholding the black sails of the returning ships, and see in the westering sun the same colors that haunted Jason as he rowed off to the black depths of the Pontus Euxinus. Snow lies on the higher Grecian hills and the bare steeps give no sign of the life that throbbed on Egina's shore the day that Greek met Persian in the battle of Salamis.

Let us speak to-day even though to-morrow we be dumb. If you have not felt deep joy at seeing the nodding harebell on the ledges of Grand Bay, you will not see much beauty in the wild poppy nestling by the white fragments of Athenian columns. Do we know too many verbs and moods that we cannot feel love for the shy, winsome beauty of the oxalis carpeting our Canadian woods? Have we listed too many botanical names that we are not inspired to sing as we get the breath of the May cedar and see the petaled whiteness of the anemones? The clusters of ferns in my neighbor's woods are a royal invitation, and as the palms are to the dusty Arab, so is their graceful swaying green to my tired eyes and thought.

When was it, where was it that the influence of the highest took possession of us? We all know, thank God, when these moments come, rare as are the brightest jewels. That moment is like the rolled-up color of ruby and emerald, and means joy and rest. Traveller, was it by the Parthenon's pillars, by Gizeh's pyramid, in the Tajmahal, or at London's Tower and Abbey that you heard the still small voice? Student, was it in the fifth proposition, the book of pressed ferns, the "Friendship" of Cicero, or the reading of Goldsmith, that the Lord spoke to you? Answer honestly, Canadian student and traveller, and you will say, "In none of these." "But once on the Oromocto Lake, in the hushed camp, I rose to stir the smoking fire. There, under the stars, with the strange note of the whip-poor-will, and the lonely cry of the bittern sounding along the dark waters, I dropped the dross of the past and my naked soul was with God." Amidst all the turmoil of the rivers that hurry to the Pacific from the mountains in British Columbia, hearing no sound except the rage of their own wild currents, the Canadian knows that his highest moments

of life are there where his home is. Likewise in the prairies where the million-eyed fields below look up to the azure field above, there again the Canadian knows the glad promise of the summer, and stretching out his arms to get rest after the day's labor, sees no shadow of an impending cross. Nature-taught, he loves the crocus-fields and turns their thick sod into glistening wheat-fields and sighs not for Egyptian water-levels on which to throw the seed.

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Some people babble about divinity, and I have heard expounders of a new "ism" declare that the Lord's prayer is not a petition, but a demand. How dare we, searching in the dark, and knowing that the pendent stars whirl in accord with the vast thought of the Creator, how dare we place this mite, Man, on an equality with his Maker? As the tiniest glint of light resting on the mosses beneath the arches of maple and birch, is a part of the great round Sun that warms the recesses of the Himalayas and the Rockies, so are we,—puny, falling, stooping men,—in some way, somehow, allied to the Father.

Socrates talked calmly of his death, and this when he knew that within three days, when the ships were sighted at Sunium's cliff, he would have to drink the hemlock as decreed by the judges. His words, his living thoughts were borne in upon his friends and brought them to tears. A few days, and then his soul had gone to the "Presence of that good and wise God," as Plato says in Phædo. Then was seen the mere shell of what had been an atom of the divine. Back to its home of light had his soul gone, leaving the vestments of flesh and bone to return to their mother. How dare we, if honest, repeat "poor man," or use other words of pitv? We who are left are the ones to be pitied, not the ones translated. As the geologic cycles tear up the valley and hurl down the mountains, spreading out into the fertile plains of Europe and America, so, in a more mysterious way, life evolves to its higher slopes through Hebrew, Greek and Christian. And in the process God changes His garments from angry purple to the more serene blue, and finally to the merciful and shining white that the angels wore when the rock was rolled from the tomb. The fierce

blaze that kindled around the four-faced cherubim which Ezekiel saw by the river of Chebar, is gone, never, I hope, to return. We see in the calm soul of Socrates, as just before death he speaks of the wisdom and justice of God, a picture that embodies Truth as God, and is in sharp contrast to the excited thought of the Hebrew prophet. To-day the soul, crying for aid, turns away from the horrid spectres of Ezekiel and rests, comforted by the fortitude of the Athenian. When Pandora's box was opened, all our ills and cares flew out, but that lovely cherub, Hope, with its glad shining eyes and its beckoning face and lips, lay hidden in the corner. Resting on the knowledge of a kinship with God, we take the cherub Hope to our bosom and believe, with Tennyson, that the altar stairs of all creeds slope upward.

The humming-bird and bee whir over the nasturtiums all aflame with sunset glories, or dip deep into the heart of the red, red rose, avoiding the fringed brilliancy of the glossy poppies. Can we not, like these, intensify the colors of our life and the sweetness of our after-life by seeing a little good in all, and, holding to that, stretch our hands

out when the diviner moments of life come? We need to think more of Nature and Man. The mere necessities of living demand so much labor and thought that we dry up like herds fleeing before an African sirocco. How the camels yearn for the oasis! Any influence that tells of these green spots where, in the awful whirl of trade, politics, war and lust, the soul can slake its thirst and vivify its memory, any such, be it Buddhistic or Christian, helps and ennobles. We do not need, however, the new "isms" that teach a new theology. It may not be true that every church-building means a quarrel; it certainly is true that every new sect means bitter strife and ofttimes revolution and war. The peace and love in the Sermon on the Mount, the peace and love in Siddartha, the One who called all children to Him, the Other who carried the sick lamb in His arms and stood up in the market-place to convert the people and the king—these two great essences are sprung from a common Father, God. They have given us enough to live by, aye, and enough to die by. For have we not the cherub Hope and the stars, swung into their orbits

by God himself, and looked upon from Gethsemane and from the olive trees of Athens, from the deep caves of the Himalayas and from the broad stretches of the Nile. The still small voice of the spirit penetrates us, saying: "Even as it was with them in the past ages, so it is with you to-day, on the New Hampshire hills, at the vale of Sussex, along the swift current of the Restigouche, or upon the sea-girt cliffs of Grand Manan." From all these you can sound the depths of your nature and come nearer to God's nature, even as did Abraham and Job, Jesus and Plato, Milton and Dante.

We must in Canada be more national and less provincial in our thought, else we never can attain true culture and high character. The "proper study of mankind is man" was not only the core of the humanistic cry that arose in the sixteenth century, but is perhaps to-day the centre of that newer thought which does not deny God when crying out that Nature, and not the Bible, is the true Word of God. We know that the culture of man is infinitely higher than the adoration of saints. History proves that the worship of saints, whether Thomas à Kempis or

Martin Luther, has narrowed men into sectarians; whereas that broader culture which sees heaven round about our daily life, which knows that Christ was there when the old man helped the woman to gather up her store of scattered apples, which hears sonorous voices in Nature's harps on mountain slopes or in dark-shadowed valleys, this culture makes us realize our limitations, but it also brings the consciousness of human possibilities. Thus we aim higher, and failing at the level of the line, still we leave aids to others coming. We are not to be like the fat and greasy citizens which sweep on, as Jacques moralizes in the play. Better to be perturbed, like Brutus, or even lean and pale like Cassius, than to be forever smiling and content with the full board and downy bed. It was wealth and ease that ruined Tyre, next Athens, Alexandria, Rome. Mayhap London or New York are even now rushing to their fall. As with cities, so with men. Capons, sweetbreads, Falerian, or Rhenish wines, velvets, laces and all the luxury of wealth may enlarge the waistband, but it warps the soul. "Men of character are the conscience of the society in which they live,"

says Emerson, and he also might say that men of culture are the barometers of a nation's progress. The cultured man is the true gentleman. He sees beyond creeds, for he touches the heart of things. His study of Nature has shown him the might of the Creator and the possibilities of man.

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"I loved justice, I hated iniquity, therefore in banishment I die," said the great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory the Seventh, when, from his exile-home at Salerno, he looked across the lucent waters of the Bay of Naples and sighed for his papal chair. We do not know what Henry the Fourth of Germany thought when at Canossa he waited barefoot in the snow, meekly doing Hildebrand's pleasure, but we do know that Gregory the Seventh was a great ruler. He believed in his mission and he was honest when he spoke the words written above. Salerno, with its sharp peaks, the home of nimble goats, was but a poor compensation for palatial Rome, with its Father Tiber sweeping to the sea. No doubt Hildebrand loved home, but we know not whether it was

the home-love or the love of power that caused the bitter remark. Rome is not beautiful; "Rome that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world," is a myth of the poet. It is the setting of power that makes people think the portrait is beautiful. There are no hills except the dwarfed Pincian; no rivers except the Tiber, which one scarcely notices, it is so contracted. No forests or groves, for the deadly marsh almost surrounds the city. But even there in Rome, unbeautiful, stagnant in its trade, palaces falling into decay, churches of marble and precious stones, but lacking in worshippers; even there to-day, living on the renown of the Cæsars, the Gregorys and Rienzis, there are those who have a passionate love for the fever-giving marshes and the museum-palaces of the old city. But what world-writer has ever sung more than a stanza about her beauty? Wordsworth tells us of golden daffodils, but not of Roman daisies. Scott did not need Edinburgh to instil into him the love of brae and burn. David Gray, from the banks of the Luggie, in his northern home, saw in the sky the throne of diamonds on which Cassio-

peia sits. It was not in New York City that Bryant wrote his "Forest Hymn." To Frederick Barbarossa, fresh from the swift waters of the Rhine-land, the Tiber was but a muddy stream, and Rome was a rich city, surrounded by a pestilential marsh. To David Gray, the tiny Luggie told all the story of life, love and liberty.

Scott in his story of Ellen's Isle, Byron in his tragedy of the two Foscari, tell the same—life, love and liberty. These great men knew their own and loved it. Why is it that Canadians do not know their own? Every country has its Luggies and its Forths. We have the nestling hamlet and the clear, silent mountain-lakes. We have not the golden daffodils,—

> "Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,"

but in May we have banks of swaying anemones, making the rushing streams glad in their modest white petals. In Manitoba last May the stars looked down in millions and saw millions of earth's eyes waiting for the dawn to draw aside the rose-curtain of their petaled lids. We have not fields of

red poppy, nor acres of nodding cornflower, but we have the many-petaled dandelion, the field daisy and the shining gold of the buttercup. Do not scan the map of Europe until you first have learned the map of North America. True, there are blood-red poppies shining amidst the white fragments of the Parthenon at Athens, but do you forget the harebells swaying on the cliff near Boar's Head, not three miles from where you live? Roman daisies are seen near the tomb of Shelley and Keats at Rome, but the blue-white houstonia in thousands watch along the banks of Belleisle, in New Brunswick. The blue-green waves of Salamis Bay lap against the treeless shores of Eleusis, where the great battle was fought and where to-day spectral fragments speak of the mysterious women who ministered in the ancient temple, but have we seen the multi-colored boulders that Nature's battle has made and placed on the Bay of Fundy shore?—pink, green, red, brown, white, yellow—veritable mosaics set by the great tidal laws and rolled up for your use and pleasure. No Persian satrap or Roman taskmaster urged the sweating slaves to undue labor in building

these monuments; no human finger touched the gems or moulded the clay, yet there they lie, Nature's mosaics, made in the Bay of Fundy. You pass them by and know them not. Longfellow has told you of seaweed. Have you ever lifted the curtain of pale green pods that, close to low-water mark, drip with the saltest brine? Have you watched the clustered barnacles waving their tiny cilia to get their daily bread? Or have you noted the fine hairlike weed that trails its dark purple along the barnacled sides of the lower ledges? Whittier has told us of Partridge Island. Do you know of its caves and sounding shallows, where—

"In swaying locks of amber, green and gold,
The seaweeds lift, and from their rocky hold
Stream out across the bands of silver light.
Within the sounding cave eternal night
Holds court from sun to sun; no Triton's horn
Along its walls e'er winds a note forlorn.
Far off the ever-lifting, ceaseless seas
Fill the great void with gentle harmonies
Prompting the soul to sweet yet sad soliloquies."

Thomas Moore somewhere speaks of the Magdalen Islands, whither the loyal priest and his flock exiled themselves in 1793,

rather than live under the French Republic at St. Pierre and Miquelon. We may not believe in the Bourbon loyalty, but we have to respect it. How many of us have seen or know anything about those two groups of islands? Both have their unique old-France customs, a bit of Europe, a second St. Malo in America. Build your driftwood fire on Taylor's Island and as the blue-green flame ascends, read Longfellow's "Driftwood." Climb the face of Blomidon in Nova Scotia and look for the jewel eye of the Indian giant, the bane of the French lover; or take a morning walk to the hills back of Wolfville Academy and see where the shining Gaspereaux rushes through the Acadian valley. How those small streams near Troy swell into rivers in the eyes of Homer and his readers! It is the heroic struggle we admire; the courage of the Greek and Trojan. The St. Lawrence would absorb the Pactolus, the Scamander, in fact all these rivers whose wonders are sung by Homer. Canada has the rivers, the hills, the lakes, the forests, but alas! we lack the heroic love and knowledge of our own. The Dutch fought with Nature and made themselves a great nation. We

go down to the sea in ships, but our eagerness for utility makes us forget the beautiful. We get the gold dollar for the codfish, mackerel or salmon, but alas! we see not God's prismatic colors shining on their glistening scales. We wrestle with the silvered birch or Columbia pine, and scarcely notice the perfumed breath of the twinflower that hides in leafy banks. Must it ever be that the struggle for the necessary things is to cut us off from the knowledge and love of our own? I hope not. Surely as we see the varied colors of the salmon, some rays of beauty will come into our lives. As we look at the giant tree for useful purposes, will not the creative life in it also appeal to us? As we explore the mines of British Columbia or Cape Breton, will not the marvel of the structure and the laws that so laid and stratified them seize upon our thoughts? Perhaps we are beginning to think more, and in that we will find and come to our own. The blindly obedient soldier is a good machine, but the thinking, obedient soldier is a good man, not confused in an emergency. So the thinking man is the better Canadian, and the more he thinks, he will learn this, to know and love our own.

Time flows so rapidly that we must seize the present moment. The days that come and go are never seen again. That day at Rothesay or Westfield, when the chirr of the singing-beetle pierced through the drowsy noon, when the robin in the apple-tree woke up so early, when the peabody-bird sang its sweet note as the sunlight faded,—that day is gone. You have a sweet compensation in its recollection. Some day, over the winter-logs, your companion may stir the embers of your memory. The balm of friendship will oil the lock, and turning the key, back through the green lanes of earlier days you will look and see that day beautiful. Dear old Nature, with her rays of light warming your body, was even then forming your character. Unconsciously the Canadian character is being tuned by its contact with forests, lakes, hills, streams.

The farmer and fisherman have more reverence than the city worker, for they are dealing first-hand with primal causes. Bred from a splendid struggle with forest, sea and prairie, the Canadian will love the scenes of his labor and will thank God for the efforts that have developed his nationality

and character. Even though the beautiful past has helped to form our character, we must remember that these present hours are also full of gifts and are slipping by. Ahead we see the walls of jasper, amethyst and pearl, and all the promise that shines before effort and aim, but the days we have now are like vines, bearing luscious grapes; we eat and enjoy, but we do not give thanks until too late. The message of the time, not past, nor future, but of this day, requires our recognition and our gratitude. Let us think more broadly and be more liberal. As we fix our thoughts on high aims, so will the national face show its nationality. Let us look at the stars, even though we walk on the earth.

Truth and the Pulpit

"Oh! the unspeakable littleness of a soul which, intrusted with Christianity, speaking in God's name to immortal beings, with infinite excitements to the most enlarged, fervent love, sinks down into narrow self-regard."—*W. Ellery Channing.*

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."

—*Alexander Pope.*

"He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation."

—*Samuel Butler.*

TRUTH AND THE PULPIT.

EMERSON has said, "The faith that stands on authority is not faith." This working world claims it has no time to probe all the musty recesses of dogma and doctrine. We therefore, appoint the clergyman and he talks to us every Sunday. Clothed as a leader, he speaks with a certain authority, pointing by precept and example the pathway. These statements should be exact, else those who follow will soon become incredulous. Not long since a prominent clergyman said, "Christianity discovered the doctrine of Immortality." Turning to Plato, who wrote four hundred years before Christ, I find that in his details of Socrates' death, he gives us the very words of that great Athenian. Calmly awaiting the hour when he had to drink the hemlock and thus end his life, as ordered by the State, Socrates talked to his friends about the Soul and Immortality. He said: "Does not the soul then depart to that

which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine? Does it not in turn pass the rest of its time with the gods? The soul, which is invisible, goes to another place, excellent, pure and invisible, to the presence of a good and wise God (whither, if God will, my soul also must shortly go); can this soul of ours, being such, and of such a nature, when separated from the body, be immediately dispersed and destroyed, as most men assert?" Several days previous to this conversation, when he was arraigned before the Athenian judges, on a charge of corrupting the religion of the State, he again showed his faith in the doctrine of Immortality, and boldly told the judges his faith in the after-life.

Plutarch, who was born in 48 A.D., and who knew so little of the Christians as not to mention them in his numerous books, avows his faith in Immortality. In "Romulus," he says: "The Soul is from the gods, from Heaven it comes, and to Heaven it returns,—not indeed with the body, but when it is entirely set free and separate from the body, when it becomes disengaged from everything sensual and un-

holy." The old Greek goes on to elaborate a system of evolution from a seat on earth to a bench among the deities, a system worthy of a believer in Purgatory, or of an advanced disciple of John Fiske. Pindar, whose poems come down to us from 400 B.C., writes:

"The body yields to Death's all-powerful summons,
While the bright image of eternity survives."

The eloquent preacher who teaches that the doctrine of Immortality is the product solely of the Christian Church, must be grossly ignorant, or he has forgotten his college studies. Christianity has done much, but it has not done all. There were prophets before the "Man of Sorrows" bore the cross. It detracts nothing from the love and reverence we have for Christ, to say that Socrates loved his people and died rather than retract his teachings on the Immortality of the Soul. The laity must demand of the clergy, first and above all, that they speak the truth. There is nothing that tends more quickly to turn people into atheists and anarchists than to find that their guides are false. A few such are the curse of any nation. It

is they who create the Voltaires and Rousseaus, and these, in their bitterness, do much harm by invective and denunciation.

Servile creedists, blind followers are hurtful both to a church and to a political party. We want statesmen, not politicians. He is a poor man who stands at the corners to watch how the straw drifts and then goes with the current. Likewise we want divine men in the pulpit,—men who will be sayers and doers, and who will adhere to what they believe; not men who preach to win the popular applause. Let us be honest. Let us say that the Scots, English, and Irish, living in Canada, are not as loyal to Canada as are the French; that the bravery of the Jesuit priests in Canada in 1600 to 1650 was unequalled in its daring and fortitude; that the war in South Africa was not all glory to British Christianity; that British diplomacy has not always considered Canada first and the United States second.

Ours has been a beggar theology, always asking for alms. No wonder the onlookers told the waggoner not to call on Jove, but to put his own shoulder to the wheel. It may be that we treat the clergy unfairly in per-

mitting them to do our thinking. If our fathers voted Conservative in politics, we follow in the same pathway. If they were Calvinists or Methodists, so are we. We form our belief by a simple acceptance of what we are told. It is a rare soul that goes to the desert or the mountain top and fights out the battle of belief. The world has contumely, not praise, for the nonconformist. It is difficult for a pure, strong soul, standing in his pulpit, to do much with a congregation that will not think. He must often long for an honest doubter, with whom his own spirit can struggle, and both get help. Timid acquiescence and careless assent chill and hurt the soul of a great leader, and at the same time render the false leader conceited and tyrannical. Every true statesman asks the people to think over the question—the Preferential Tariff, the Grand Trunk Pacific. "Think it out and you are the better man." But the politician wants followers, not thinkers; he wants blind party, not reasoned opinion. The statesman leads to a conservative liberalism; the politician leads to tyranny. Which have we in Canada? Likewise in the church, reason, discussion,

education lead to a firm, tolerant belief, and knit the preacher and his people closely together. Blind submission, servile faith in creed or dogma, lead to fanaticism, sterility of thought, and narrowing lines of energy. Every pastor who has the nation's good before his eyes, must be the truth to his people; he must lead, even though at times that leadership take him against the popular current. If ours be a beggar theology, fearful of those who sit in the square pews, let us change it to a Twentieth Century Humanism, that fears only to do wrong.

When Mahmoud the Second captured Constantinople and on horseback entered the holy Basilica, his turban brushing the arch of the portal, a cry of sorrow went up from the papal throne of Rome. That which was thought baleful, turned to the highest good. The dark cloud of servility and authority that existed in Rome was swept away by the flood of Greek thought hurrying westward to escape Moslem fanaticism. Then followed the Renaissance, that struggle of the human soul against dogma and authority. Like all great revivals, it swept too far, but through its luminous folds were seen the

foundations of a great Humanism, the belief in man and in his kinship with the Deity.

To-day there are questions of ethics, of economics, that were unknown when the council met at Nicea and evolved the creed in which so many believe. It took two hundred years after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, to amend the theology of the Middle Ages. How long will it take now to amend the inhumanities of the nineteenth century? Where is the Canadian preacher who will advocate the New Humanism of this century, and lead his people to a higher plane? Must it be done through the "Streng und Sturm" of conflict, or will it evolve with this century, in peace and plenty?

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We are like moons circling around a sun. We borrow ideas as the moons borrow light. Thus our stolen thoughts are pale, chilled in the reflection. They lack the force of Thor's short-handled hammer, Mjolner, and cannot make dents in our human consciousness as Thor's hammer did in the mountain side. Ulysses descended into the ghastly abodes and, flashing his sword before the

crowding spectres, kept them off, until he, first of men, talked with the sage Tiresias. In him we admire the leader, the man, Ulysses, who broke his own pathway in Egypt and held his wind-beaten course over the Western Mediterranean. Are we imitators and followers from weakness, or is it the Gallic-Anglo-Saxon character as developed in Canada? In politics, manners, customs and church, are we not driven like sheep, to slaughter our individuality? The last novel, poem, fashion or thought stands up like a graven image. We, like the Iconoclasts of Antwerp Cathedral, fail to use the sledge of reason, but bow before a new thing. I know a man who becomes so penetrated with the last book he reads, whether it be the works of Herodotus, Gibbon, or Spencer, that his individuality is lost for the time and his mind gives a pale reflection of the author's light. One spark of the divine ray, born of labor and agony, is not equalled by an altar full of lighted tapers. The wisdom of which Solomon speaks tells us to "prove all things." In this proving of things, we lamentably fail. In politics the Conservative must not "scratch his ballot." He thinks

he must vote all the ticket, no matter how immoral or unscrupulous is the man who bears the second or third name on the white paper. The followers of Liberalism are the same. They stagger forward, hands outstretched to drop the ballot into the box, but their eyes are looking backward at the charioteer, who whips them into line. The object lesson of a bridge at Quebec, elevator at St. John, or a railway through the Rockies, is a charm for both Conservative and Liberal, and they forget in their local jealousies the principle underlying the two great political parties. Bribes of office, power, money, influence, all contribute to annihilate the independent thought which should be the pride of a new land like Canada. I know of nothing more baneful than the way in which many persons who, by their intellect and learning, ought to act otherwise, deliberately teach national corruption. Instead of condemning political tricks and frauds, they, by a half excusive smile, applaud. These are insane guides whom we tamely follow. They lay the foundations of a moral obliquity which no St. Francis will overturn. In Cavour and Gladstone, people saw the principles for which they

stood and for which they are honored. Thus, it should not be the Custom House at St. John, built by the Conservative party, or a Post Office built in the West by the Liberal party, for which we should honor the Hon. A. G. Blair or the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, but only the principles of Trade and Ethics, for which they are, or ought to be, the great advocates.

We follow supinely, what the preacher says as he thinks he draws the whole arc, whereas it is often only pin-wheel pyrotechnics. With his commentaries ready-made, his libraries, and all his years of college life, he, the preacher, gives us but a poor return. Who leads them, that they cry not against war in the Philippines and in South Africa? Do they quote Isaiah, "I (the Lord) form the light and create the darkness, I make peace and create evil," feeling that these last are synonymous? Christ did not hesitate to clear the temple, but those who preach Christ have Augean stables in politics and trade that need floods of rhetoric and rivers of practical language before they can become sweet. We are Unitarians because our parents were taught by Emerson or Channing. We recite the Creed and scan the

Prayer Book because we heard them at the Episcopal or Presbyterian Sunday School. Should not the Presbyterian feel the pangs of John Knox, and the Lutheran realize the agony of the Saxon Monk? We have the same books that they had and in much better type. We hear the sermons and the prayers, but do we heed? We read Ecclesiastes or St. James. We remember the words, but what about the thought? Ah, there is the primal difficulty. One man reads the Bible through ten times, and becomes a bigot. Another reads the Sermon on the Mount and becomes a son of God. The first would pitch-fork all unbelievers into hell, the second sees good in all, and as he climbs the altar stairs finds divinity in Gautama Buddha, in Socrates, Huss, and Erasmus.

Our creed must not be, cannot be, the work of some other soul; it must be of us, born of our passion and strife, the outcome of our yearning and want. We are not gods, but we are men. To every soul there are moments which prove our relationship to God. We have our Gethsemanes and are capable of martydom. "Let us then be poised, and wise and our own to-day," for we cannot tell when the day of trial will

come. Out of that test we must emerge, afraid to imitate or copy, scorning to be servile or to pander, but rather determined to live up to the light and to follow only the monitions of the Great Unseen.

. . . . . .

Diogenes in his extreme asceticism, rolling in hot sands in summer and clasping snow-covered columns in winter, does not command our respect as he did that of the Athenians. His Greek mind, however, knew that the essence of God, truth, could stand the flame of his searchlight. Cynic or not, he knew that the seven colors detect the black spots. Everyone holds this lamp, and, wrapt in the adytums of our inner self, lies hidden the electric thrill of conscience. Are we cowards that we delay to explore and examine our thoughts and deeds by the lamp of truth? We know exactly what we are and we often feel that the hero has only done what we would do if given the time and place. This is true of both mechanic and merchant—both of these look up to the preacher and expect much of him, for is he not the preacher and they his pupils?

Homer, Horace, Euclid, of the past, and

all the wonders of the present are instilled by the schools. Our youth stretch out their arms and become adults. Then arrives the reasoning period, and they think, of what? Just the same things of which Erasmus and Luther thought, the same that troubled Aristotle, Plato, Paul. We have the usual round of youthful thought, but anon a flash comes and intuitive divinity responds. Where did we come from? Who created us? Why are we here, and whither are we going? These are the points that prick our consciences and fiercely ask, "Are you a liar or an honest man?" Truth, the light of God, pours that challenge into our conscience. Should not every human soul who dares to be a teacher of other human souls, hold up the light and search out the black and "grained spots"? Physicians attend to hurt bodies, but they cannot help Macbeth's "mind diseased." The preacher, the man who takes his text from Ecclesiastes, from Job, the Psalms, or from the Sermon on the Mount, he is the healer of sick souls, and should have his message so fire-wrought in his own soul that he looks it, feels it, and speaks it Whether he is wrapped in the

drapery of a Roman Catholic priest, an Anglican clergyman, or a Methodist minister, that man, while he talks to the listening souls, should present God's claim to our love and reverence. If with the thought of Christ's sermon in his mind, and the last chapter of Ecclesiastes still in his memory, he shows himself a bigot, or a student of gestures, or a worse ranter than Hamlet's player, or a dissector of thought to the "sixthly," how quickly his hearers will slacken, and even Beethoven's "The heavens declare His glory" cannot call back their allegiance. In all the pulpits of Canada, who has dared to say that the Jamieson raid was unjust and that the British failed to act honorably about it? What clergyman has spoken against the Imperialism of the United States and the unfortunate growth of militarism here in Canada? The voice of almost every clergyman, like the Roman Senator, is "for war," not for peace. No wonder the Chinaman asks, who is the heathen? We are not much in advance of the eight century, when Charlemagne forced Witikind and the Saxons to be Christians or die. The Christian's cry now is changed to "trade or die." Which is the nobler, Charlemagne or Cham-

berlain? Pepin, or William of Germany? Pepin in A.D. 760 gave the Papal States to the Roman Pontiff, and got his help to Christianize and extend north; William of Germany, in return for the lives of two missionaries, gets half a Chinese province. As the clergy were in Charlemagne and Pepin's time, they appear to be now; not against, but *with* the ruling power. It was not so in France in 1793—the majority of the clergy went with the people. To-day the people mutely appeal, but the preachers wait. Are they dead, these clergymen of Canada, that they cannot see that industrial war will follow close upon all this pride and pomp of Imperialism and Militarism? If ever the Pentecostal flame were needed, now is the time. The soldier himself sees the danger, and we have Lord Chas. Beresford writing: "British society has been eaten into by the canker of money. From the top downward the tree is rotten." London has not yet got over the shameful brutishness of the C. I. V's, on their return from South Africa. No wonder that Frederick Harrison speaks of the "universal dying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes, the recrudescence of coarse, covetous,

arrogant, and braggart passions." Cannot our clergy leave the rigid theology of Jonathan Edwards and cease telling us that "there are infants a span long in hell"? Do not stultify twentieth century education by saying that the newly-born babe is tainted in its soul with sin.

Let the schoolmen talk about how many angels can stand on a needle's point,—we have not the time to waste. Erasmus is dead, Luther is dead. Their souls know the falseness or truth of their beliefs. Why, therefore, need we quarrel over consubstantiation or transubstantiation? The great heart of God, animating all nature in its varied forms, should vivify the heart of man. It is the divine part of us that wants religion, not theology—tenderness, not denunciation; glimpses of heaven, not visions of hell; the blessings of peace, not the horrors of war. Truth demands that the preacher follow in the footsteps of the Christ, whose teachings he reads. He was for peace, not for war; for the worthy poor, not for the indolent rich. He dared do all that became the justest man, and to-day, He still says: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Education

"We are shut up in schools, and colleges, and recitation rooms, for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"Do not force boys to their learning, but train them up by amusements, that you may be better able to discern the direction of each one's genius."—*Plato.*

EDUCATION.

THE covering of a cheap wood with a thin layer of mahogany has given us the word "veneer." We look at the four huge dome-pillars of St. Peter's (two hundred feet in circumference), but our estimation of them is lowered when we know that the middle of each pillar is rubble-work. The blocks of the Parthenon or the huge squares of Luxor are more honest. Wherever we meet the Joseph Surfaces or Uriah Heeps, we pierce through the gloze and despise the fine manners or the humbleness when we know them to be veneer. In the building art or in the higher architecture of the soul, we turn from deceit. In the building of the mind, the drawing out of its force, we want the core to expand with its full vigor —not have the same old rubble continually veneered. Better to whitewash the old pictures than to paint rainbow tints on a soluble mud-wall. "My leetle god is all gone," said a German lady, who, wanting to clean

the gaily-painted Soudanese clay god, had put it in a basin of water and, to her surprise, found it completely dissolved. A few direct questions to a class will often scatter the routine layers of education and leave pupils in exhausted silence. Cæsar is dead and buried, but his commentaries live on to the distraction of thousands in Canadian schools. Except to bridge-builders and soldiers, what use to read even one book of Cæsar? Are we not tired of the Belgæ, the Suevi and the rest?

Education is of two kinds—individual, or a drawing out of your best, by aid of the best in others—or academic, viz., an adding on of all that is taught, even though your inner self be not responsive to more than half of the things taught. We should learn (after rudiments), that which our natures need. The formal education of the college, instead of giving the highest culture, often turns the generous youth into a pedant and a bore. Rocks grow by accretion. Surely the human soul, informing the body, must grow by expansion. It is a small seed that finally becomes the stout apple-tree, whose thousand blossoms whiten the sward as the

June winds blow. All these gnarled boughs and sweeping branches were brought out of the one small seed. Light and air, water and gases! The young tree reached out to assimilate those which it liked best, and rejected those least needed for its education and growth. What good for our youth to know the name of the barnacle clinging to the rocks at Sheldon's Bluff, if they forget to see the fringed beauty of the sea-anemone waving to get its food? Why repeat the Latin name of the pitcher-plant, if we fail to wonder at the purple veining of its sensitive lips? The names are the wise invention of man, but the beauty is part of Him who created it. All education should tend to a higher conception of God's work in Nature, thus do we become real artists and artisans. The "pattern in the mount," for the tabernacle, is an inspiration to every builder. Holman Hunt strikes a true note in his famous painting when he reveals the carpenter at his work, his tired arms casting the shadow of his Golgotha. Let us be educated in the divine beauty of form and color while we memorize the human ologies. What did David or Job know about peri-

helion or apogee, or the earth's elliptical course? Still they saw and knew the beauty of the Pleiades, watched the December march of Orion and were dominated by the chariot-bearing clouds or the heaven-sustaining rainbows. To-day we turn to the Proverbs for wisdom, Psalms for beauty, and Job for aid in trouble. These men, like that other lover of Nature, Jesus, were educated first in the knowledge of beauty, and to-day they are still the great teachers. It is not the lives of emperors from Cæsar until 479 A.D. that we should learn; no, it is the reason, the cause of Rome's downfall that we should understand; not the list of British monarchs since Saxon Alfred, but the cause and consequence of the charter given at Runnymede in 1215; not how many Spanish ships were wrecked in 1588, but the great results thereby to Britain and America. It is by the vital assimilation of what we see and learn that we are really educated. It is not the list of fossils, nor the catalogue of plants, nor the brain crowded with dates of dead kings and queens that lift the man to his true culture; no, but rather how the reasoning and imaginative man links him-

self, by means of the fern, the fossil and the past heroes, with the Creative Power.

Science ushers in Huxley, Darwin, Faraday, Kepler, but the glow-worm still crawls along the pathway and the green-gold flame of the fire-fly still darts through the moist darkness of a June evening—and no one knows the secret of their light. Man, the outflow of God, paints the lily, moulds the axe, or sets the fine compass-needle afloat on its jewelled pivot. He, man, is behind art; it is of him, and as much divinity as there is in picture, poem, ship or tool, so is he divine. But Nature, in all her forms of sea and shore, sky and all that therein is, Nature is the force, the vitality of the Creator, and man is her final effort. The rock-plateau that crowns Douglas Mountain, near St. John, New Brunswick, the west face of which is scarred with the wind-storms of thousands of years, awes by its strength and solidity of outline. You feel the majesty and the power that lay behind the primal forces when the huge ice-floe crept over the land and left this mountain as a sentinel watching the two valleys of Douglas and the Nerepis. Inanimate

Nature, that only grows by accretion, awes and imposes by its origin, not by its life. Yet how your heartstrings wake to the voice of animate Nature when you walk under the pine trees at the base of the mountain! Like you, sprung from a seed, they grow. Fear, awe, wonder between you and the high cliff. Love, sympathy, joy between you and the brooding fir-tree or the tiny twin-bells clustering at its base. How the great minds cling to the unfolding eyes of Nature's by-ways! Burns and his "wee crimson-tippéd flower." Wordsworth and his "golden daffodils." Linnæus and his flowers that heaped around him as he took his dream-walk in the garden. Bryant and his "blue gentian." Celia Thaxter and her "cup of the wild rose curved close to hold odorous dew." From Reed's castle at St. John we see the clear lakes in their green setting. From the height by Martello Tower we view the Nova Scotia shore and see the waves, white and angry, dash against the breakwater. If fancy brings Charnisay and his fleet as he sailed from Annapolis Royal in 1645, to attack La Tour's fort, do not put the thought away, but rather cherish

it. We can find space for these ideals at our front doors, at the park, on the Saguenay, or along the sandy beaches of the St. Lawrence River. Let your boat slip by Gondola Point some night and see how Cassiopeia's chair counts out her seven stars to you as it did to David Gray, the young Scotch poet. Or paddle silently up the Oromocto River, where the whip-poor-will's call makes human the forest-circled lake, and the long, clear whistle of the loon pierces the darkness.

The sensuous facts of Nature are stronger than we know, and catch us unawares with their daily marvels. Nature is an imperial teacher and if we follow her moods we are making national character and culture. True education is not the quantity we know, but rather the depth of our feeling for that which we have learned. For, as our imagination and sympathy create the colors of the horizon, so they also help lay the foundation of that broader culture which should be the aim of every Canadian.

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Knowledge of books is not the first thing to be thought of. I can easily conceive of a mind so over-stocked with study that the

tangled brain is struck dumb on seeing a bunch of ferns clinging to the sides of a moss-covered, sunless ravine. That teacher of philosophy, Plato, who, beneath the shade of the olive trees near Athens, talked with his pupils, declares for kindergarten and manual training, when he says: "Train the children up by amusements, that you may be better able to discern the direction of each one's genius." Thus, as in painting, sculpture and literature, the Greek stood at the base, so through Plato, he speaks the thought of Froebel and Pestalozzi, telling us not to load down the child's mind, but rather to give it freedom to find out the bent of its genius. Many a bright vision has been clouded by the machinery of mathematics, and the inventive instinct of others has often been dulled by the monotony of British battles and classic decades. We have too much science, too much arithmetic, too much grammar; in fact too many books —we should have more direct contact with things—carpenter's planes, draught-horses, wild deer, white hyacinths and shading fir-trees, vibrating compasses and pink-hued salmon.

Let us be in the rush of the north-west wind that clears the sky and brings out the moon and stars, and not simply read about it. Let us consort with the mountain ash and the Briareus-armed oak, the striped trillium and the evening primrose—soon we will know more of them than books can tell. Then when the ferns turn white in fear of October's chill and exhale their last sweet fragrance, when the three days of the Northern Fury come, whitening river and sea, and crimson leaves drop like agonized tears from the moaning trunks, then, perhaps, by the knowledge gained, we can speak.

Why pore over Thucydides, Guizot, Livy and Hume, or pry into the meanness of kings, queens, and gentry? We waste time in these lucubrations and forget the heart. Life is not all for study, nor for gold or dancing. Life is for love, tenderness, thought and reverence. The thousands of nerve-points in our bodies warn us of unfriendly cold or burning heat, so the intuition of the soul warns us of good or evil. The clear, calm intellect of the head attracts, but the soul's intuition develops. It is what we feel that illumines. Read the

beaten-out phrases of Racine or Corneille, or even the rhyming couplets in Shakespeare, and they detract from the author, but Othello's "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them" delights the ear, and in that

> "Orbéd maiden with white fire laden
> Whom mortals call the moon,"

we are glad to pay homage to the unpinioned flight of Shelley's genius. There is a tiresome, hollow beat to Cowper's lines that enhances the truth of Burns' songs. Poet, artist, musician, orator, in all we demand honesty. When Ulysses returned home, his old hunting-dog recognized him. We detest the boasts of Hector and Achilles, but how we love the truth in the dog and master. We do not want culture in the common sense. The orator or writer, through all his Greek and Latin quotations, his sentences cribbed from Burke or Canning, cannot conceal his insincerity. Something lacks. It is the vitality of personal contact with the tree or flower, with the tools of Nature and art, that vivifies and completes the man. When we look at the plough,

axe or spade, we stand, as we comprehend their utility, nearer to the Adams, to the workers of the field and factory. When we look into the golden eye of the daisy, the glow of the lily-cup, or catch the whispering notes of the pine and fir, or the tremulous murmur of the far-off beating on the sands, we stand nearer to the Creator. We think of Ithaca, that fondled Ulysses; Sparta, that cradled Menelaus; Athens, where Plato lived and taught beneath the shining olive trees; these were and are but rude spots in Nature's robe, compared to the fertile hills and vales of Canada. We are too much affected by the Saxon and Greek past—it hangs around us like a millstone. It is the Canadian present we should see. We must feel the beauty of Canadian hills, rivers, lakes and fields. Then when we get near to the real life of all we see, will come the real artist—the cultured, educated Canadian.

A number of mechanics were asked once which of the seven studies had been most beneficial to them. The studies were history, Latin, spelling, arithmetic, drawing, botany, algebra. All replied that Latin,

algebra and botany had proved of no benefit, that they needed arithmetic first, drawing next. As clerks and artisans, with their families, constitute over three-quarters of the population of all towns, we should consider how our educational system fits them for their life-work. The mason, painter, engineer, boiler-maker, carpenter, in fact all workers in wood, stone or metal, need to learn drawing. Every clerk in a dry-goods, grocery, lumber mill, or foundry is a better clerk if he be quick at free-hand drawing. These clerks and artisans rarely need to use their botany or algebra studies. Clerks rarely use Latin or algebra, and the artisan never uses them. Why, then, should we devote about six hours per week to Latin, algebra and botany and only two hours per week to drawing? Not one mason in ten can give a correct sketch of a wall he is to lay. What carpenter can neatly outline the veranda he is building? What glazier can trace on paper the hot-house which he has agreed to build. How many stove-makers can picture the stove they made, or even the exact position of the pipe to the chimney? Where is the broad-axe man who can give

you a true sketch of the log he chops, the row-boat he builds, or the ship of which he laid the keel?

The clerk dresses the window; he does not know the law of curves and straight lines, except such as he "picked up." The ability to picture on paper the drapery of the window, the squareness of the keel, the sheer of the boat, the curve of the stove-pipe, the angles of the glass, this power goes to make a skilled artisan and clerk. We need a little Latin, less botany and less algebra. We need much more drawing taught in the schools. The foundry-man sends his boy to school and at fourteen he has to put him at work. He wishes to learn a trade, and his Latin, botany and algebra are utterly useless. In five years Cicero and Virgil are forgotten; they are as dead as Cæsar's ghost. Many a time will that boy say, "Why did they not teach me more drawing and less Latin?" This is the century of new designs in furniture, carpets, labels. Enter any store in any city to-day and not one clerk in twenty will be able to draw neatly and correctly a pretty design. After years of free schools we still forget to place

the lines of beauty above the rules of Latin and grammar.

Education that teaches the rule of three and forgets the curve of beauty is an education that warps. Our body needs to be fed and, therefore, we have to learn the cold branch of arithmetic. The soul also has to be fed, and we should learn the vivifying art of drawing. Of hundreds of men working in foundries and shops, not two out of one hundred can draw a neat, suggestive design for the stove or casting requiring a new brand. They have never been taught to hold a pencil. Every one of them should have been taught less Latin, less algebra, and more drawing. We have capable boys at school, hundreds of whom will leave at fourteen years of age. They are crammed with Latin, algebra and history, but their knowledge of drawing is so imperfect that they forget it by the time they have learned a trade. We know that at least 80 per cent. of the boys in school must serve at trades or as clerks, and yet we fail to provide them with one of the most needed life-weapons—the art of drawing.

Education is more than how to decline

"monere," or "regere," or to detail how many of the Stuarts and Tudors reigned, or to repeat the dates of the great battles, or to memorize lists of birds, plants and animals. Such lessons are wasted on the workers. Even to those who, as men, continue to be students, these catalogues and lists are rubbish, unless the mind sees beyond the palings of their walls. The student, if he is to think, must not dry up his philosophy by hedging it with lifeless walls of scientific columns. His philosophy will soon become petrified, and he will be impaled on the bare bones of his loved science. The nomenclature, the lists, the dates, in an inferior way, help to build the pediment, but no pillared temple of education can be raised unless the learner feels the thing taught. The hand of genius may seize the brush and call into being the most perfect features of a Greek goddess, but, unless the man, at the time, had something holy and reverent in his thought, he cannot attain the highest. He must understand and feel the thought that he is trying to represent in picture, poem or statue, else he cannot attain to mastery. All the rules of shade and light,

the law of curves, of metre, of rhyme, of composition, of melody, of thorough bass—all these he may know and yet only attain to the halls of a lifeless, cold science, or the baser paths of florid sensation. Let us take care in Canada not to educate our people into either of these channels.

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